

The Roaring Girle. OR Moll Cut-Purse.

As it hath lately beeene Acted on the Fortune-Stage by
the Prince his Players.

Written by T. Middleton and T. Dekkar.

My case is alter'd, I must worke for my living.



For
This single Play
I gave
Three Pounds,
and
here shal be,
at
3d. by night's late.
Lond. May 2. 1607.

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shop in Popes head-pallace, neere the Royall
Exchange. 1607.

First Edition.





To the Comicke, Play-readers, Venery, and Laughter.



HE fashion of play-making, I can properly compare to nothing, so naturally, as the alteration in apparell: For in the time of the Great-crop-doublet, your huge bombasted plaies, quilted with mighty words to leane purpose was onely then in fashion. And as the doublet fell, nearer inuentions beganne to set vp. Now in the time of sprucenes, our plaies followe the nicenes of our Garments, single plots, quaint conceits, letcherous iests, drest vp in hanging sleevees, and those are fit for the Times, and the Tearmers: Such a kind of light-colour Summer stiffe, mingled with diuerse colours, you shall finde this published Comedy, good to keepe you in an afternoone from dice, at home in your chambers; and for venery you shall finde enough, for sixepence, but well coucht and you marke it. For *Ve-
nus* being a woman passes through the play in doublet and breeches, a braue disguise and a safe one, if the Statute vnty nor her cod-pece point. The book I make no question, but is fit for many of your companies, as well as the person it selfe, and may bee allowed both Gallery roome at the play-house, and chamber-roome at your lodging: worse things I must needs confesse the world

ha's taxt her for, then has beene written of her; but 'tis
the excellency of a Writer, to leaue things better then
he finds 'em; though some obsoene fellow (that cares not
what he writes against others, yet keepes a mysticall bau-
dy-house himselfe, and entertaines drunkards, to make
use of their pockets, and vent his priuate bottle-ale at
mid-night) though such a one would haue ript vp the
most nasty vice, that euer hell belcht forth, and presented
it to a modest Assembly; yet we rather wish in such
discoueries, where reputation lies bleeding, a
slacknesse of truth, then fulnesse
of slander.

THOMAS MIDDLETON.

Pro-

Prologus.

A Play (expected long) makes the Audience looke
For wonders:--- that each Scène should be a booke,
Compos'd to all perfection; each one comes
And brings a play in's head with him: up he summes,
What he would of a Roaring Girle haue writ;
If that he findes not here, he merues at it.
Onely we intreate you thinke our Scène,
Cannot speake high (the subiect being but meane)
A Roaring Girle (whose notes till now never were)
Shall fill with laughter our vast Theater,
That's all which I dare promise: Tragick passion,
And such graue stufte, is this day out of fashion.
I see attention sets wide ope her gates
Of hearing, and with couetous listning waites,
To know what Girle, this Roaring Girle should be.
(For of that Tribe are many.) One is shee
That roares at midnight in deepe Tauerne bowles,
That beates the watch, and Constables controuls;
Another roares in the day time, swears, stabbes, giues braunes,
Yet sells her soule to the lust of fooles and slaves.
Both these are Suburbe-roarers. Then there's (besides)
A ciuill City Roaring Girle, whose pride,
Feasting, and riding, shakes her husbands state,
And leaves him Roaring through an yron grate.
None of these Roaring Girles is ours: shee flies
With wings more lofty. Thus her character lyes,
Yet what neede characters? when to give a geſſe,
Is better then the person to exprefſe;
But would you know who 'tis? would you heare her names?
Shee is cal'd madge Moll; her life, our acts proclaime.

Dramatis



Dramatis Personæ.

Sir Alexander Wentgrane, and Neats-foot his man.

Sir Adam Appleton.

Sir Davy Dapper.

Sir Bewteous Ganymed.

Lerd Noland.

Yong Wentgrane.

Iacke Dapper, and Gull his page.

Gosbawke.

Greenewit.

Laxton.

Tilt-yard.

Openworke.

Ciues & Vxores.

Gallipot.

Mol the Roaring Girle.

Trapdoore.

Sir Guy Fitz-allard.

Mary Fitz-allard his daughter.

Curtis lax a Sergiant, and

Hanger his Yeoman.

Ministri.

THE



The Roaring Girle.

Act.I. Scæ.1.

Enter Mary Fitz-Allard disguised like a sempster with a case for bands, and Neatfoot a seruingman with her, with a napkin on his shoulder, and a trencher in his hand as from table.

Neatfoote.

He yong gentleman (our young maister) Sir e Alexander sonne, is it into his eares (sweet Damsell) (embleme of fragility) you desire to haue a message transported, or to be transcendent.

Mary Apruate word or two Sir, nothing else.

Neat. You shall fructifie in that which you come for: your pleasure shall be satisfied to your full contention: I will (fairest tree of generation) watch when our young maister is erected, (that is to say vp) and deliuer him to this your most white hand.

Mary Thankes sir.

Neat. And withall certifie him, that I haue culled out for him (now his belly is replenished) a daintier bit or modicome then any lay vpon his trencher at dinner — hath he notion of your name, I beseech your chastitie.

Mary One Sir, of whom he bespake falling bands.

B

Neat.

The Roaring Girle.

Neat. Falling bands, it shall so be giuen him, — — if you please to venture your modesty in the hall, amongst a curle-pated company of rude seruingmen, and take such as they can set before you, you shall be most seriously, and ingeniously welcome.

Mary. I haue dyed indeed already sir.

Neat. — — — Or will you vouchsafe to kisse the lip of a cup of rich Orleans in the buttry amongst our waiting women.

Mary. Not now in truth sir.

Neat. Our yong Maister shall then haue a feeling of your being here presently it shall so be giuen him. *Exit Neatfoote,*

Mary. I humbly thanke you sir, but that my bosome
Is full of bitter sorrowes, I could smile,
To see this formall Ape play Antick tricks:
But in my breast a poysoned arrow stickes,
And smiles cannot become me, Loue wouen sleightly
(Such as thy false heart makes) weares out as lightly,
But loue being truly bred ith the soule (like mine)
Bleeds euent to death, at the least wound it takes,
The more we quench this, the lesse it slakes: Oh me!

Enter Sebastian Wengraue with Neatfoote.

Seb. A Sempster speake with me, saist thou.

Neat. Yes sir, she's there, *vina voce*, to deliuer her auricular confession.

Seb. With me sweet heart. What ist?

Mary. I haue brought home your bands sir.

Seb. Bands: Neatfoote.

Neat. Sir.

Seb. Prithee look in, for all the Gentlemen are vpon rising.

Neat. Yes sir, a most methodicall attendance shall be giuen.

Seb. And dost heare, if my father call for me, say I am busy with a Sempster.

Neat. Yes sir, hee shall know it that you are busied with a needle woman.

Seb. In's care good Neat-foote,

Neat.

The Roaring Girle.

Neat. It shall be so giuen him.

Exit Neat-foote.

Seb. Bands, y'are mistaken sweete heart, I bespake none,
when,where,I prithee, what bands, let me see them.

Mary Yes sir, a bond fast sealed, with soleimne oathes,
Subscribed vnto (as I thought) with your soule:
Deliuered as your deed in sight of heauen,
Is this bond canceld, haue you forgot me.

Seb. Ha! life of my life: Sir *Guy Futz-Allards* daughter,
What has transform'd my loue to this strange shape?
Stay:make all sure,— so: now speake and be briefe,
Because the wolfe's at dore that lyes in waite,
To prey vpon vs both albeit mine eyes
Are blest by thine, yet this so strange disguise
Holds me with feare and wonder.

Mary Mines a loathed sight,
Why from it are you banisht else so long.

Seb. I must cut short my speech, in broken language,
Thus much sweete *Moll*, I must thy company shun,
I court another *Moll*, my thoughts must run,
As a horse runs, that's blind,round in a Mill,
Out euery step, yet keeping one path still.

Mary Vmh: must you shun my company,in one knot
Haue both our hands byt'n hands of heauen bene tyed,
Now to be broke, I thought me once your Bride:
Our fathers did agree on the time when,
And must another bed-fellow fill my roome.

Seb. Sweete maid, lets loose no time, tis in heauens booke
Set downe, that I must haue thee: an oath we tooke,
To keep our vowes, but when the knight your father
Was from mine parted, stormes began to fit
Vpon my couetous fathers brow:which fell
From them on me, he reckond vp what gold
This marriage would draw from him, at which he swore,
To loose so much bloud, could not grieue him more.
He then diswades me from thee, cal'd thee not faire,
And askt what is shee, but a beggars heire?
He scorn'd thy dowry of (5000) Markes.

The Roaring Girle.

If such a summe of mony could be found,
And I would match with that, hee'd not vndoe it,
Prouided his bags might adde nothing to it,
But vow'd, if I tooke thee, nay more, did sweare it,
Saue birth from him I nothing should inherit.

Mary What followes then, my ship-wrake.

Seb. Dearest no:

I go wildly in a labyrinth, I go,
My end is to meeet thee: with a side wind
Must I now saile, else I no hauen can finde
But both must sinke for euer. There's a wench
Cal'd *Moll*, mad *Moll*, or merry *Moll*, a creature
So strange in quality, a whole citty takes
Note of her name and person, all that affection
I owe to thee, on her in counterfeit passion,
I spend to mad my father: he beleuees
I doate vpon this *Roaring Girle*, and grieues
As it becomes a father for a sonne,
That could be so bewitcht: yet ile go on
This crooked way, sigh still for her, faine dreames,
In which ile talke onely of her, these streames
Shall, I hope, force my father to consent
That heere I anchor rather then be rent
Upon a rocke so dangerours, Art thou pleasd,
Because thou seest we are way-laid, that I take
A path that's safe, tho it be farre about,

Mary My prayers with heauen guide thee,

Seb. Then I will on,

My father is at hand, kisse and begon;
Howres shall be watcht for meetings; I must now
As men for feare, to a strange Idoll bow.

Mary Farewell.

Seb. Ile guidethee forth, when next we meeete,
A story of *Moll* shall make our mirth more sweet. *Exeunt*
Enter Sir Alexander Wengraue, Sir Dauy Dapper, Sir Adam

Appleton, Goshake, Laxton, and Gentlemen.

Omnes Thanks good Sir *Alexander* for our bounteous cheere:

Alex.

The Roaring Girle.

Alex. Fy, fy, in giuing thankes you pay to deare.

S. Dap. When bounty spreades the table, faith t'were sinne,
(at going of) if thankes should not step in.

Alex. No more of thankes, no more, I mary Sir,
Th'inner roome was too close, how do you like
This Parlour Gentlmen?

Omnes Oh passing well.

Adam What a sweet breath the aire casts heere, so coole,

Goff. I like the prospect best.

Lax. See how tis furnish't.

S. Dap. A very faire sweete roome.

Alex. Sir *Dany Dapper*,

The furniture that doth adorne this roome,
Cost many a faire gray groat ere it came here,
But good things are most cheape, when th'are most deere,
Nay when you looke into my galleries,
How brauely they are trim'd vp, you all shall sweare
Yare highly please'd to see whats set downe there:
Stories of men and women (mixt together
Faire ones with soule, like sun-shine in wet wether)
Within one square a thousand heads are laid
So close, that all of heads, the roome seeemes made,
As many faces there (fil'd with blith lookes)
Shew like the promising titles of new booke's,
(Writ merily) the Readers being their owne eyes,
Which seeeme to moue and to giue plaudities,
And here and there (whilst with obsequious eares,
Throng'd heapes do listen) a cut purse thrusts and leeres
With haukes eyes for his prey: I need not shew him,
By a hanging villanous looke, your selues may know him,
The face is drawne so rarely, Then sit below,
The very flowre (as twere) waues to and fro,
And like a floating Iland, seeemes to moue,
Upon a sea bound in with shores aboue,

Enter Sebastian and

Omnes. These sight's are excellent.

M. Greene-wit.

Alex. I'le shew you all,
Since we are met, make our parting Comicall.

A lit Roaring Girl.

Seb. This gentleman (my friend) will take his leaue Sir.

Alex. Ha, take his leaue (*Sebastian*) who?

Seb. This gentleman.

Alex. Your loue sir, has already giuen me some time,
And if you please to trust my age with more,
It shall pay double interest: Good sir stay.

Green. I haue beeene too bold.

Alex. Not so sir. A merry day
Mongst friends being spent, is better then gold sau'd.
Some wine, some wine. Where be these knaues I keepe.

Enter three or four Servuynmen, and Neatfoote.

Neat. At your worshipfull elbow, sir.

Alex. You are kissing my maids, drinking, or fast asleep.

Neat. Your worship has giuen it vs right.

Alex. You varlets stirre,
Chaires, stooles and cushions: pre'thee sir *Davy Dapper*,
Make th' at chaire thine.

Sir Dap. Tis but an easie gift,
And yet I thanke you for it sir, I'le take it.

Alex. A chaire for old sir *Adam Appleton*.

Neat. A backe friend to your worship.

Adam. Mary good *Neatfoot*,
I thanke thee for it: backe friends sometimes are good.

Alex. Pray make that stoole your pearch, good M. *Goshaunce*.

Gos. I stoope to your lure sir.

Alex. Sonne *Sebastian*,
Take Maister *Greenewit* to you.

Seb. Sit deere friend.

Alex. Nay maister *Laxton*—-furnish maister *Laxton*
With what he wants (a stome) a stoole I would say, a stoole.

Laxton. I had rather stand sir. *Exeunt seruants.*

Alex. I know you had (good M. *Laxton*.) So, so--
Now heres a messe of friends, and (gentlemen)
Because times glasse shall not be running long,
I'le quicken it with a pretty tale.

Sir

The Roaring Girle.

Sir Dap. Good tales do well,
In these bad dayes, where vice does so excell.

Adam. Begin sir *Alexander.*

Alex. Last day I met
An aged man vpon whose head was scor'd,
A debt of iust so many yeares as these,
Which I owe to my graue, the man you all know.

Omnes. His name I pray you sir.

Alex. Nay you shall pardon me,
But when he saw me (with a sigh that brake,
Or seem'd to break his heart-strings) thus he spake :
Oh my good knight, saies he, (and then his eies
Were richer euen by that which made them poore,
They had spent so many teares they had no more.)
Oh sir (saies he) you know it, for you ha seene
Blessings to raine vpon mine house and me:
Fortune (who slaues men) was my slau : her wheele
Hath spun me golden threads, for I thanke heauen,
I nere had but one cause to curse my starres,
I ask't him then, what that one cause might be.

Omnes. So Sir.

Alex. He paus'd, and as we often see,
A sea so much becalm'd, there can be found
No wrinkle on his brow, his waues being drownd
In their owne rage : but when th' imperious wind,
Vse strange inuisible tyranny to shake
Both heauens and earths foundation at their noyse :
The seas swelling with wrath to part that fray
Rise vp, and are more wild, more mad, then they.
Euen so this good old man was by my question
Stir'd vp to roughnesse, you might see his gall
Flow euen in's eies : then grew he fantasticall.

Sir Dap. Fantasticall, ha, ha.

Alex. Yes, and talke odly.

Adam. Pray sir proceed,
How did this old man end?

Alex. Marry sir thus,

The Roaring Girle.

He left his wild fit to read ore his cards,
Yet then (though age cast snow on all his haire) 11
He ioy'd because (saies he) the God of gold
Has beene to me no niggard: that disease
(Of which all old men sicken) Auarice
Neuer infected me.

Alex. He meanes not himselfe i'me sure.

Alex. For like a lamp,
Fed with continuall oyle, I spend and throw
My light to all that need it, yet haue still
Enough to serue my selfe, oh but (quoth he)
Tho heauens dew fall, thus on this aged tree,
I haue a sonne that's like a wedge doth cleave,
My very heart roote,

S. Dap. Had he such a sonne,

Seb. Now I do smell a fox strongly.

Alex. Lets see: no Maister Greene-mit is not yet
So mellow in yeares as he; but as like *Sebastian*,
Iust like my sonne *Sebastian*, — such another.

Seb. How finely like a fencer my father fetches his by-blowes
to hit me, but if I beate you not at your owne weapon of sub-
tilty.

Alex. This sonne (saith he) that should be
The columne and maine arch vnto my house,
The crutch vnto my age, becomes a whirlwind
Shaking the firme foundation,

Adam Tis some prodigall.

Seba. Well shot old *Adam Bell*.

Alex. No city monster neither, no prodigall,
But sparing, wary, ciuill, and (tho wivelesse)
An excellent husband, and such a traueller,
He has more tongues in his head then some haue teeth,

S. Dap. I haue but two in myne

Gosb. So sparing and so wary,
What then could vex his father so.

Alex. Oh a woman.

Seb. A flesh fly, that can vex any man.

Alex.

The Roaring Girle.

Alex. A scury woman,
On whom the passionate old man swore he doated:
A creature (faith he) nature hath brought forth
To mocke the sex of woman. -- It is a thing
One knowes not how to name, her birth began
Ere she was all made. Tis woman more then man,
Man more then woman, and (which to none can hap)
The Sunne giues her two shadowes to one shape,
Nay more, let this strange thing, walke, stand or sit,
No blazing starre drawes more eyes after it.

S. Dap. A Monster, tis some Monster.

Alex. Shee's a varlet.

Seb. Now is my cue to bristle.

Alex. A naughty packe.

Seb. Tis false.

Alex. Haboy.

Seb. Tis false.

Alex. Whats false, I say shee's nought.

Seb. I say that tongue

That dares speake so (but yours) stickes in the throate
Of a ranke villaine, set your selfe aside. -----

Alex. So sir what then.

Seb. Any here else had lyed.

I thinke I shall fit you — aside.

Alex. Lye.

Seb. Yes.

Sir Dap. Doth this concerne him.

Alex. Ah firra boy.

Is your bloud heated: boyles it: are you stung,
Ile pierce you deeper yet: oh my deere friends,
I am that wretched father, this that sonne,
That sees his ruine, yet headlong on doth run.

Adam. Will you loue such a poyson.

S. Dap. Fye, fye.

Seb. Y'are all mad.

Alex. Th'art sicke at heart, yet feelst it not: of all these,
What Gentleman (but thou) knowing his disease

The Roaring Girl.

Mortall, would shun the cure : oh Maister Greenewit,
Would you to such an Idoll bow.

Greene. Not I sir.

Alex. Heer's Maister Laxton, has he mind to a woman
As thou hast.

Lax. No not I sir.

Alex. Sir I know it.

Lax. There good parts are so rare, there bad so common,
I will haue nougnt to do with any woman.

Sir Dap. Tis well done Maister Laxton.

Alex. Oh thou cruell boy,
Thou wouldst with lust an old mans life destroy,
Because thou seest I'me halfe way in my graue,
Thou shouelst dust vpon me: wod thou mightest haue
Thy wish, most wicked, most vnnaturall.

Dap. Why sir, tis thought, sir *Guy Fitz-Allards* daughter
Shall wed your sonne *Sebastian*.

Alex. Sir *Davy Dapper*.

I haue vpon my knees, wood this fond boy,
To take that vertuous maiden.

Seb. Harke you a word sir.

You on your knees haue curst that vertuous maiden,
And me for louing her, yet do you now
Thus baffle me to my face: were not your knees
In such intreats, giue me *Fitz-Allards* daughter.

Alex. Ile giue thee rats-bane rather.

Seb. Well then you know

What dish I meane to feed vpon.

Alex. Harke Gentlemen,

He sweares to haue this cut-purse drab, to spite my gall.

Omnes. Maister *Sebastian*.

Seb. I am deafe to you all.

I me so bewitcht, so bound to my desires,
Teares, prayers, threats, nothing can quench out those fires
That burne within me. *Exit Sebastian.*

Alex. Her bloud shall quench it then,
Loose him not, oh diswade him Gentlemen.

Sir Dap.

The Roaring Girl.

Sir *Dap.* He shall be weand I warrant you.

Alex. Before his eyes

Lay downe his shame, my griefe, his miseries.

Omnis. No more, no more, away.

Exeunt all but sir

Alex. I wash a *Negro*,

Alexander.

Loosing both paines and cost: but take thy flight,

Ile be most neere thee, when I me least in sight.

Wilde Bucke ile hunt thee breathlesse, thou shalt run on,

But I will turne thee when I me not thought vpon.

Enter Ralph Trapdore:

Now sirra what are you, leaue your Apes trickes and speake.

Trap. A letter from my Captaine to your Worship.

Alex. Oh, oh, now I remember tis to preferre thee into my seruice.

Trap. To be a shifter vnder your Worships nose of a clean trencher, when ther's a good bit vpon't.

Alex. Troth honest fellow --- humh -- ha -- let me see,
This knaue shall be the axe to hew that downe
At which I stumble, has a face that promiseth
Much of a villaine, I will grind his wit,
And if the edge proue fine make vse of it.
Come hither sirra, canst thou be secret, ha.

Trap. As two crafty Attorneys plotting the vndoing of their clyents.

Alex. Didst never, as thou haft walkt about this towne
Heare of a wench cal'd *Moll*, mad merry *Moll*.

Trap. *Moll* cutpurse sir.

Alex. The same, dost thou know her then,

Trap. Aswell as I know twill raine vpon *Simon* and *Iudes* day
next, I will sift all the tauerns ith city, and drinke halfe pots
with all the Watermen ath bankside, but if you will sir Ile find
her out.

Alex. That task is easy, doot then, hold thy hand vp.
Whats this, ist burnt?

Trap. No sir no, a little sindgd with making fire works.

Alex. Ther's mony, spend it, that being spent fetch more.

Trap. Oh sir that all the poore souldiers in *England* had

The Roaring Girle.

such a leader. For fetching no water Spaniell is like me.

Alex. This wench we speake of, straies so from her kind
Nature repents she made her. Tis a Mermaid
Has told my sonne to shipwracke.

Trap. Ile cut her combe for you.

Alex. Ile tell out gold for thee then: hunt her forth,
Cast out a line hung full of siluer hookes
To catch her to thy company: deepe spendings
May draw her that's most chast to a mans bosome.

Trap. The gingling of Golden bels, and a good foole with
a hobbyhorse, wil draw all the whoores ith to wneto dance in a
morris,

Alex. Or rather, for that's best, (they say sometimes
Shee goes in breeches) follow her as her man.

Trap. And when her breeches are off, shee shall follow me.

Alex. Beate all thy braines to serue her.

Trap. Zounds sir, as country wenches beate creame, till
butter comes.

Alex. Play thou the subtle spider, weaue fynne nets
To insnare her very life.

Trap. Her life.

Alex. Yes sucke
Her heart-blood if thou canst, twist thou but cords
To catch her, Ile finde law to hang her vp.

Trap. Spoke like a Worlifull bencher.

Alex. Trace all her steps: at this shee-foxes den
Watch what lambs enter: let me play the sheepeheard
To sauе their throats from bleeding, and cut hers.

Trap. This is the goll shall doot.

Alex. Be firme and gaine me
Euer thine owne. This done I entertaine thee:
How is thy name.

Trap. My name sir is *Rap*, *Trapdore*, honest *Raph*.

Alex. *Trapdore*, be like thy name, a dangerons step
For her to venture on, but vnto me.

Trap. As fast as your sole to your boote or shooe sir.

Alex. Hence then, be little scene here as thou canst.

The Roaring Girle.

Ile still be at thine elbow.

Trap. The trapdores set.

Moll if you budge y'are gon: this me shall crowne,
A Roaring Boy, the Roaring Girle puts downe,

Alex. God a mercy, loose no time.

Exeunt.

The three shps open in a ranke: the first a Poticaries shp, the next
a Fether shp: the third a Sempsters shp: Mistresse Gallipot
in the first, Mistresse Tiltyard in the next, Maister Openworke
and his wife in the third, to them enter Laxton, Goshawke and
Grenewit.

Ms. Open. Gentlemen what ist you lacke. What ist you
buy, see fine bands and ruffes, fine lawnes, fine cambrickes,
what ist you lacke Gentlemen, what ist you buy?

Lax. Yonders the shop.

Gosb. Is that shee. *Lax.* Peace.

Greene Shee that minces Tobacco.

Lax. I: shees a Gentlewoman borne I can tell you, tho it
be her hard fortune now to shread Indian pot-hearbes.

Gosb. Oh sir tis many a good womans fortune, when her
husband turns bankrupt, to begin with pipes and set vragaine.

Lax. And indeed the raysing of the woman is the lifting
vp of the mans head at all times, if one florish, tother will bud
as fast I warrant ye.

Gosb. Come th'art familiarly acquainted there, I grope that.

Lax. And you grope no better ith dark you may chance lye
ith ditch when y'are drunke.

Gosb. Go th'art a misticall letcher.

Lax. I will not deny but my credit may take vp an ounce
of pure smoake.

Gosb. May take vp an ell of pure smock; away go, tis the closest
striker. Life I think he comis vency 40 foote deepe, no mans
aware on't, I like a palpable smockster go to worke so openly,
with the tricks of art, that I me as aparantly seen as a naked boy
in a viall, & were it not for a guist of trechery that I haue in me
to betray my friend whē he puts most trust in me (masse yonder

The Roaring Girl.

hee is too—) and by his iniurie to make good my accessse to her, I should appeare as defectiue in courting , as a Farmers sonne the first day of his feather , that doth nothing at Court, but woe the hangings and glasse windowes for a month together, and some broken wayting woman for euer after. I find those imperfections in my **venerie**, that were't not for flatterie and falsehood, I should want discourse and impudence, and hee that wants impudence among women , is worthy to bee kickt out at beds feet. — He shall not see me yet.

Greene. Troth this is finely shred.

Lax. Oh women are the best mincers.

Mist. Gal. Thad bin a good phrase for a Cookes wife sir.

Lax. But 'twill serue generally , like the front of a newe Almanacke ; as thus : Calculated for the meridian of Cookes wiues, but generally for all Englishwomen.

Mist. Gal. Nay you shall ha'te sir, I haue fild it for you.

Shee puts it to the fire.

Lax. The pipe's in a good hand, and I wish mine alwaies so.

Gree. But not to be vs'd a that fashion.

Lax. O pardon me sir, I vnderstand no french.

I pray be couerd. Iacke a pipe of rich smoake.

Gosb. Rich smoake; that's 6. pence a pipe ist?

Green. To me sweet Lady.

Mist. Gal. Be not forgetful; respect my credit; seem strange; Art and Wit makes a foole of suspition :— pray be warie.

Lax. Push, I warrant you :— come, how ist gallants?

Green. Pure and excellent.

Lax. I thought 'twas good, you were growne so silent; you are like those that loue not to talke at victuals , tho they make a worse noyse i' the nose then a common fiddlers prentice , and discourse a whole Supper with snuffling ; — I must speake a word with you anone.

Mist. Gal. Make your way wisely then. (ners,

Gosb. Oh what else sir, hee's perfection it selfe, full of man-
But not an acre of ground belonging to 'em.

Green. I and full of forme , h'as ne're a good stoole in's
chamber.

Gosb.

The Roaring Girl.

Gosb. But aboue all religious : hee prayeth daily vpon elder brothers.

Green. And valiant aboue measure; h'as runne three streets from a Sericant.

Lax. Puh, Puh. *he blowes tobacco in their faces.*

Green. *Gosb.* Oh, puh, ho, ho.

Lax. So, so.

Mist. Gal. Whats the matter now sir?

Lax. I protest I'me in extreame want of money, if you can supply mee now with any meanes, you doe mee the greatest pleasure, next to the bountie of your loue, as euer poore gentleman tasted.

Mist. Gal. What's the summe would pleasure ye sir?
Tho you deserue nothing lesse at my hands.

Lax. Why 'tis but for want of opportunitie thou know'st; I put her off with opportunitie still: by this light I hate her, but for meanes to keepe me in fashion with gallants; for what I take from her, I spend vpon other wenches, beare her in hand still; shooe has wit enough to rob her husband, and I waies enough to consume the money: why how now? what the chin-cough?

Gosb. Thou hast the cowardliest tricke to come before a mans face and strangle him ere hee be aware, I could find in my heart to make a quarrell in earnest.

Lax. Poxe and thou do'st, thou know'st I never vse to fight with my friends, thou'l but loose thy labour in't.

Jacke Dapper! *Enter I. Dapper, and his man Gull.*

Greene. Mounsier Dapper, I diue downe to your anckles.

I. Dap. Saue ye gentlemen all three in a peculiar salute.

Gosb. He were ill to make a lawyer, hee dispatches three at once.

Lax. So wel said: but is this of the same Tobaeco mistresse *Gallipot*?

M. Gal. The same you had at first sir.

Lax. I wish it no better: this will serue to drinke at my chamber.

Gosb. Shall we taste a pipe on't?

Lax.

The Roaring Girl.

Lax. Not of this by my troth Gentlemen, I haue sworne before you.

Gosb. What not *Lacke* dapper.

Lax. Pardon me sweet *Lacke*, I'me sorry I made such a rash oath, but foolish oathes must stand: where art going *Lacke*.

Jac. Dap. Faith to buy one fether.

Lax. One fether, the foole's peculiar still.

Jac. Dap, Gul.

Gul. Maister.

Jac. Dap. Heer's three halfe pence for your ordinary, boy, meete me an howre hence in Powles.

Gul. How three single halfe pence; life, this will scarce serue a man in sauce, a halporth of mustard, a halporth of oyle, and a halporth of viniger, whats left then for the pickle herring: this shewes like small beere ith morning after a great surfe of wine ore night, hee could spend his three pound last night in a supper amongst girles and braue baudy-house boyes, I thought his pockets cackeld not for nothing, these are the egs of three pound, Ile go sup' em vp presently. *Exit Gul.*

Lax. Eight, nine, ten Angels, good wench ifaith, and one that loues darkenesse well, she puts out a candle with the best tricks of any drugsters wife in England: but that which mads her I raile vpon oportunity still, and take no notice on't. The other night she would needs lead me into a roome with a candle in her hand to show me a naked picture, where no sooner entred but the candle was sent of an arrant: now I not intending to vnderstand her, but like a puny at the Innes of venery, cal'd for another light innocently, thus reward I all her cunning with simple mistaking. I know she cosens her husband to keepe me, and Ile keepe her honest, as long as I can, to make the poore man some part of amends, an honest minde of a whooremaster, how think you amongst you, what a fresh pipe, draw in a third man.

Gosb. No your a horder, you ingrose bith ounces.

At the Fether shope now.

Jac. Dap. Puh I like it not.

M. Tiltyard What fether ist you'l haue sir.

These

The Roaring Girle.

These are most worne and most in fashion,
Amongst the Beuer gallants the stone *Riders*.
The priuate stages audience, the twelu peny stool Gentlemen,
I can enforme you tis the generall fether.

Iac.Dap. And therefore I mislike it, tell me of generall.
Now a continuall *Simon* and *Iudes* raine
Beate all your fethers as flat downe as pancakes.
Shew me — a — spangled fether,

Mist.Tilt. Oh to go a feasting with,
You'd haue it for a hinch boy, you shall. *At the Sempsters*
Maist.Open. Mass I had quite forgot, *shop now.*
His Honours footeeman was here last night wife,
Ha you done with my Lords shirt.

Mist.Open. Whats that to you sir,
I was this morning at his Honours lodging,
Ere such a snake as you crept out of your shell.

Maist.Open. Oh 'twas well done good wife.
Mi.Op. I hold it better sir, then if you had don't your selfe.
Ma.Op. Nay so say I: but is the Countesses smocke almost
donne mouse.

Mi.Op. Here lyes the cambricke sir, but wants I feare mee.
Ma.Op. Ile resolute you of that presently,
Mi.Op. Haida, oh audacious groome,
Dare you presume to noble womens linnen,
Keepes you your yard to measure sheepeheards holland,
I must confine you I see that. *At the Tobacco shop now.*

Gosb. What say you to this geere.
Lax. I dare the arrants critticke in Tobacco
To lay one falt vpon t. *Enter Mol in a freeze Ierkin and*

Gosb. Life yonders *Mol.* *a blacke saueguard.*

Lax. Mol which Mol. *Gosb.* honest *Mol.*

Lax. Prithee lets call her --- *Mol.*

All. *Mol, Mol, pist Mol.*

Mol. How now, whats the matter.

Gosb. A pipe of good tobacco *Mol.*

Mol. I cannot stay.

Gosb. Nay *Moll* puh, prethee harke, but one word ifaith.

D

Mol

The Roaring Girle.

Mol. Well what ist.

Green. Prithee come hither sirra.

Lax. Hart I would giue but too much money to be nibbling with that wench, life, sh' as the Spirit of foure great parishes, and a voyce that will drown all the Citty, methinkes a braue Captaine might get all his souldiers vpon her, and nere bee beholding to a company of mile-end milke sops, if hee could come on; and come off quicke enough: Such a *Moll* were a maribone before an *Italian*, hee would cry *bona roba* till his ribs were nothing but bone. Ile lay hard siege to her, mony is that *Aqua fortis*, that eates into many a maidenhead, where the wals are flesh & bloud Ile euer pierce through with a golden auguer.

Gosb. Now thy iudgement *Moll*, ist not good?

Mol. Yes faith tis very good tobacco, how do you sell an an ounce, farewell. God b'y you Mistresse *Gallipot*,

Gosb. Why *Mol*, *Mol*.

Mol. I cannot stay now ifaith, I am going to buy a shag ruffe, the shop will be shut in presently.

Gosb. Tis the maddest fantasticalst girle: -- I neuer knew so much flesh and so much nimblenesse put together.

Lax. Shee slips from one company to another, like a fat Eele between a Dutchmās fingers: -- Ile w'atch my time for her.

Mist. Gal. Some will not sticke to say shees a man And some both man and woman.

Lax. That were excellent, she might first cuckold the husband and then make him do as much for the wife.

The Fether Shop againe.

Moll. Saue you; how does Mistresse *Tiltyard*?

I.Dap. Mol.

Mol. Iacke Dappper.

I.Dap. How dost *Mol*.

Mol. Ile tell the by and by, I go but toth' next shop.

I.Dap. Thou shalt find me here this howre about a fether.

Mol. Nay and a fether hold you in play a whole houre, a geose will last you all the daies of your life. Let me see a good shag ruffe.

The Sempster Shop.

Mist. Open.

The Roaring Girl.

Mist. Open. Mistresse Mary that shalt thou ifaith, and the best in the shop.

Mist. Open. How now, greetings, loue tearmes with a pox betweene you, haue I found out one of your haunts, I send you for hollands, and you're ith the low countries with a mischiefe, I'me seru'd with good ware byth shift, that makes it lye dead so long vpon my hands, I were as good shut vp shop, for when I open it I take nothing.

Mist. Open. Nay and you fall a ringing once the diuell can-not stop you, Ile out of the Belfry as fast as I can — *Moll.*

Mist. Open. Get you from my shop,

Mol. I come to buy.

(shop

Mist. Open. Ile sell ye nothing, I warne yee my house and *Mol.* You goody Openworke, you that prick out a poore liuing And sowes many a bawdy skin-coate together, Thou priuate pandresse betweene shirt and smock, I wish thee for a minute but a man: Thou shouldest neuer vse more shapes, but as th'art I pitty my reuenge, now my spleenes vp,

Enter a fellow with a long rapier by his side.

I would not mocke it willingly — ha be thankfull.

Now I forgiue thee.

Mist. Open. Mary hang thee, I neuer askt forgiuenesse in my lise.

Mol. You goodman swinesface.

Fellow What wil you murder me.

Mol. You remember flauie, how you abusd me t'other night in a Tauerne.

Fel. Not I by this light.

Mol. No, but by candlelight you did, you haue trickes to sauie your oathes, reseruations haue you, and I haue reserued somewhat for you, --- as you like that call for more, you know the signe againe.

Fel. Pox ant, had I brought any company along with mee to haue borne witnesse on't, twold ne're haue grieu'd me, but to be strucke and nobody by, tis my ill fortune still, why tread vpon a worme they say twill turne taile, but indeed a Gentle-

The Roaring Girl.

man should haue more manners.

Exit fellow.

Lax. Gallantly performed isath *Mol*, and manfully, I loue thee for euer fort, base rogue, had he offerd but the least counter-buffe, by this hand I was prepared for him.

Mol. You prepared for him, why shoulde you be prepared for him, was he any more then a man.

Lax. No not so much by a yard and a handfull London measure..

Moll. Why do you speake this then, doe you thinke I can not ride a stone horse, vnlesse one lead him bith snaffle.

Lax. Yes and sit him brauely, I know thou canst *Mol*, twas but an honest mistake through loue, and Ile make amends fort any way, prethee sweete plump *Mol*, when shall thou and I go out a towne together.

Mol. Whether to Tyburne prethee.

Lax. Masse that's out a towne indeed, thou hangst so many iests vpon thy friends stil. I meane honestly to *Brainford, Staines or Ware*.

Mol. What to do there.

Lax. Nothing but bee merry and lye together, I'le hire a coach with foure horses.

Mol. I thought 'twould bee a beastly iourney, you may leaue out one wel, three horses will serue, if I play the iade my selfe.

Lax. Nay push th'art such another kicking wench, prethee be kind and lets meeete.

Mol. Tis hard but we shall meeete sir.

Lax. Nay but appoint the place then, there's ten Angels in faire gold *Mol*, you see I do not trifle with you, do but say thou wilt meeete me, and Ile haue a coach ready for thee.

Mol. Why here's my hand Ile meeete you sir.

Lax. Oh good gold,---the place sweete *Mol*.

Mol. It shal be your appointment.

Lax. Somewhat neere Holborne *Mol*.

Mol. In Graies-Inne fields then.

Lax. A match. *Mol.* Ile meeete you there.

Lax. The houre. *Mol.* Three.

Lax.

The Roaring Girl.

Lax. That will be time enough to sup at Braineford.

Fall from them to the other.

Ma. Op. I am of such a nature sir, I cannot endure the house when shee scolds, sh' has a tongue will be hard further in a still morning then Saint Antlings-bell, shee railes vpon me for foraine wenching, that I being a freemā must needs keep a whore ith suburbs, and seeke to impouerish the liberties, when we fall out, I trouble you still to make all whole with my wife.

Gosb. No trouble at all, tis a pleasure to mee to ioyne things together.

Mist. Open. Go thy waies, I doe this but to try thy honesty
Gosbawke. *The Fether Shop.*

Iac. Dap. How lik'st thou this *Mol.*

Mol. Oh singularly, your fitted now for a bunch, he lookeſ for all the world with those spangled fethers like a noblemans bedpost : The purity of your wench would I faine try, ſhee ſeemeſ like Kent vncouquered, and I beleeue as many wiles are in her ----- oh the gallants of these times are ſhallow letchers, they put not their courtſhip home enough to a wench, tis imposſible to know what woman is throughly honest, because ſhee's nere thoroughly try'd, I am of that certaine beleefe there are more queaneſ in this towne of their owne making, then of any mans prouoking, where lyes the slackneſſe then? many a poore ſoule would downe, and ther's nobody will push Women are courted but nere ſoundly tri'd, (em: As many walke in ſpurs that neuer ride. *The Sempſters Shop.*

Mist. Open. Oh abominable.

Gosb. Nay more I tell you in priuate, he keeps a whore ith suburbs.

Mist. Open. O ſpittle dealing, I came to him a Gentlewoman borne. Ile ſhew you mine armes when you please ſir.

Gosb. I had rather ſee your legs, and begin that way.

Mist. Openworke Tis well knowne he tooke me from a Ladies ſeruice, where I was well beloued of the ſteward, I had my Lattine tongue, and a ſpice of the French before I came to him, and now doth he keepe a ſubberbian whoore vnder my noſtrils.

The Roaring Girl.

Gof. There's waies enough to cry quite with him, harke in thine eare.

Mifl. Open. Theres a friend worth a Million.

Mol I'le try one speare against your chastity *Mifl. Tiltyard*
Though it proue too short by the burgh.

Trap. Mass here she is. *Enter Ralph Trapdore*
I'me bound already to serue her, tho it be but a fluttish tricke.
Blesse my hopefull yong Mistresse with long life and great
limbs, send her the vpper hand of all balifes, and their hungry
adherents.

Mol. How now, what art thou?

Trap. A poore ebbing Gentleman, that would gladly wait
for the yong floud of your seruice.

Mol. My seruice! what should moue you to offer your ser-
uice to me sir?

Trap. The loue I beare to your heroicke spirit and mas-
ciline womanhood.

Mol. So sir, put case we should retaine you to vs, what parts
are there in you for a Gentlewoman's seruice.

Trap. Of two kinds right Worshipfull: moueable, and
immoueable: moueable to run of arrants, and immoueable to
stand when you haue occasion to vse me.

Mol. What strength haue you.

Trap. Streng Mistresse *Mol*, I haue gon vp into a steeple,
and staid the great bell as 'thas beene ringing; stopt a windmill
going. *Mols trips up his heels he fals.*

Mol. And never strucke downe your selfe.

Trap. Stood as vpright as I do at this present.

Mol. Come I pardon you for this, it shall bee no disgrace
to you: I haue strucke vp the heeles of the high Germaines
size ere now, ---- what not stand.

Trap. I am of that nature where I loue, I'le bee at my
mistresse foot to do her seruice.

Mol. Why well said, but say your Mistresse should receiue
iniury, haue you the spirit of fighting in you, durst you second
her.

Trap. Life I haue kept a bridge my selfe, and drowne seuen
at

The Roaring Girl.

at a time before me. *Mol. I.*

Trap. But they were all Lincolneshire bullockes by my troth. *aside.*

Mol. Well, meeke me in Graies-Inne fields, between three and foure this afternoone, and vpon better consideration weele retaine you.

Trap. I humbly thanke your good Mistreship,
Ile crack your necke for this kindnesse.

Exit Trapdore
Mol meets Laxton

Lax. Remember three.

Moll. Nay if I saile you hange me.

Lax. Good wench Ifaith.

then Openworke.

Moll. Whose this.

Maist. Open. Tis I *Mol.*

Moll. Prithee tend thy shop and preuent bastards.

Maist. Open. Wele haue a pint of the same wine ifaith *Mol.*

The bel rings.

Gosb. Harke the bell rings, come Gentlemen.

Lacke Dapper where shals all munch.

Iac. Dap. I am for Parkers ordinary.

Lax. Hee's a good guest to'm, hee deserues his boord,
He drawes all the Gentlemen in a terme time thither,
Weele be your followers *Lacke*, lead the way,
Looke you by my faith the foole has fetherd his nest well.

Exeunt Gallaness.

*Enter Maister Gallipot, Maister Tiltyard, and seruants
with water Spaniels and a ducke.*

Maist. Tilt. Come shut vp your shops, where's *Maister Openworke*.

Mist. Gal. Nay aske not me *Maister Tiltyard*.

Maist. Tilt. Wher's his water dog, puh--pist--hur--hur-pist

Mist. Gal. Come wenches come, we're going all to Hogden.

Mist. Gal. To Hogden husband.

Mist. Gal. I to Hogden pigs ny.

Mist. Gal. I'me not ready husband. *spits in the dogs mouth*

Mist. Gal. Faith that's well -- huin--pist--pist

Come

The Roaring Girle.

Maist. Gal. Come Mistresse Openworke you are so long.

Mist. Open. I haue no joy of my life Maister Gallipot.

Maist. Gal. Push, let your boy lead his water Spaniel along, and weeble shew you the brauest sport at parlous pond, he trug, he trug, he trug, heres the best ducke in England, except my wife, he, he, he, fetch, fetch, fetch, come lets away. Of all the yeare this is the spōrtfulst day.

Enter Sebastian solus.

Seb. If a man haue a free will, where should the vse
More perfect shine then in his will to loue.
All creatures haue their liberty in that, *Enter Sir Alexander*
Tho elie kept vnder seruile yoke and feare, *and listens to him.*
The very bondslauie has his freedome there,
Amongst a world of creatures voyc'd and silent.
Must my desires weare fetters ---- yea are you
So neere, then I must breake with my hearts truth;
Meete griefe at a backe way ---- well: why suppose.
The two leaud tongues of slander or of truth
Pronounce *Mol* loathsome: if before my loue
Shee appeare faire, what iniury haue I,
I haue the thing I like? in all things else
Mine owne eye guides me, and I find 'em prosper,
Life what should aile it now? I know that man
Nere truely loues, if he gainesayt he lyes,
That winkes and marries with his fathers eyes.

Iie keepe myne owne wide open. *Enter Mol and a porter*

Alex. Here's braue wilfulness, *with a viall on his backe.*
A made match, here she comes, they met a purpose.

Por. Must I carry this great fiddle to your chamber Mistresse *Mary.*

Mol. Fiddle goodman hog-rubber, some of these porters
beare so much for others, they haue no time to carry wit for
hemselues.

Por. To your owne chamber Mistresse *Mary.*

Moll. Whōle heare an Aſſe ſpeake: whither else good-
man

The Roaring Girle.

man pagent-bearer : the're people of the worst memories.

Exit Porter.

Seb. Why 'twere too great a burthen loue, to haue them carry things in their minds, and a'ther backes together.

Mol. Pardon me sir, I thought not you so neere.

Alex. So, so, so.

Seb. I would be neerer to thee, and in that fashion, That makes the best part of all creatures honest. No otherwise I wish it.

Mol. Sir I am so poore to requite you, you must looke for nothing but thankes of me, I haue no humor to marry, I loue to lye aboth sides ath bed my selfe; and againe ath'other side, a wife you know ought to be obedient, but I feare me I am too headstrong to obey, therefore Ile nere go about it, I loue you so well sir for your good will I'de be loath you should repent your bargaine after, and therefore weelee nere come together at first, I haue the head now of my selfe, and am man enough for a woman, marriage is but a chopping and changing, where a maiden looses one head, and has a worse ith place.

Alex. The most comfortablest answer from a Roaring Girle, that euer mine eares drunke in.

Seb. This were enough now to affright a foole for euer from thec, when tis the musickē that I loue thee for,

Alex. There's a boy spoyles all againe.

Mol. Beleeue it sir I am not of that disdainefull temper, but I could loue you faithfully.

Alex. A pox on you for that word. I like you not now, Y'are a cunning roarer I see that already.

Mol. But sleepe vpon this once more sir, you may chance shift a minde to morrow, be not too hasty to wrong your selfe, neuer while you liue sir take a wife running, many haue run out at heeles that haue don't: you see sir I speake against my selfe, and if euery wōman would deale with their futer so honestly, poore yonger brothers would not bee so often gul'd wjth old cosoning widdowes, that turne ore all their wealth in trust to some kinsman, and make the poore Gentleman worke hard for a pension, fare you well sir.

The Roaring Girl.

Seb. Nay prethee one word more.

Alex. How do I wrong this girle, she puts him of still.

Moll. Thinke vpon this in cold bloud sir, you make as much hast as if you were a going vpon a sturgeon voyage, take deliberation sir, neuer chuse a wife as if you were going to Virginia.

Seb. And so we parted, my too cursed fate.

Alex. She is but cunning, giues him longer time in't.

Enter a Tailor.

Taylor Mistresse *Mol*, Mistresse *Mol*: so ho ho so ho.

Mol. There boy, there boy, what dost thou go a hawking after me with a red clout on thy finger.

Taylor I forgot to take measure on you for your new breeches.

Alex. Hoyda breeches, what will he marry a monster with two trinckets, what age is this? if the wife go in breeches, the man must weare long coates like a foole.

Mol. What fiddlings heere, would not the old patterne haue seru'd your turne.

Taylor. You change the fashion, you say you'll haue the great Dutch slop Mistresse *Mary*.

Mol. Why sir I say so still.

Taylor. Your breeches then will take vp a yard more.

Mol. Well pray looke it be put in then.

Taylor. It shall stand round and full I warrant you,

Mol. Pray make em easy enough.

Taylor. I know my fault now, t' other was somewhat stiffe betweene the legges, Ile make these open enough I warrant you.

Alex. Heer's good geere towards, I haue brought vp my sonne to marry a Dutch slop, and a French dublet, a codpice daughter.

Taylor. So, I haue gone as farre as I can go.

Mol. Why then farewell.

Taylor. If you go presently to your chamber Mistresse *Mary*, pray send me the measure of your thigh, by some honest body.

Mol.

The Roaring Girle.

Mol. Well sir, Ile send it by a Porter persently. *Exit Mol.*

Taylor. So you had neede, it is a lusty one, both of them would make any porters backe ake in England. *Exit Taylor.*

Seb. I haue examined the best part of man,
Reason and iudgement, and in loue they tell me,
They leaue me vncoutrould, he that is swayd
By an vnfeeling bloud, past heat of loue
His spring time must needes erre, his watch nere goes right
That sets his dyall by a rusty clocke,

Alex. So, and which is that rusty clocke sir you.

Seb. The clocke at Ludgate sir, it nere goes true.

Alex. But thou goest falser: not thy fathers cares
Can keepe thee right, when that insensible worke,
Obayes the workmans art, lets off the houre
And stops againe when time is satisfied,
But thou runst on, and iudgement, thy maine wheele,
Beats by all stoppes, as if the worke would breake
Beginne with long paines for a minutes ruine,
Much like a suffering man brought vp with care.
At last bequeath'd to shame and a short prayer,

Seb. I tast you bitterer then I can deserue sir.

Alex. Who has bewitch thee sonne, what diuell or drug,
Hath wrought vpon the weaknesse of thy bloud,
And betrayd all her hopes to ruinous folly?
Oh wake from drowsy and enchanted shame,
Wherein thy soule sits with a golden dreame
Flatred and poysoned, I am old my sonne, (mine owne
Oh let me preuaile quickly, for I haue waighties businesse of
Then to chide thee: I must not to my graue,
As a drunkard to his bed, whereon he lyes
Onely to sleepe, and neuer cares to rise,
Let me dispatch in time, come no more neere her.

Seb. Not honestly, not in the way of marriage,

Alex. What sayst thou marriage, in what place, the Sessions house, and who shall giue the bride, prethe, an inditement.

Seb. Sir now yee take part with the world to wrong her.

The Roaring Girl.

Alex. Why, wouldest thou faine marry to be pointed at,
Alas the numbers great, do not o're burden't,
Why as good marry a beacon on a hill,
Which all the country fixe their eyes vpon
As her thy folly doates on. If thou longst
To haue the story of thy infamous fortunes,
Serue for discourse in ordinaries and tauernes
Th'art in the way: or to confound thy name,
Keefe on, thou canst not misse it: or to strike
Thy wretched father to vntimely coldnesse,
Keefe the left hand still, it will bring thee to't.
Yet if no teares wrung from thy fathers eyes,
Nor sighes that flye in sparkles, from his sorrowes,
Had power to alter what is wilfull in thee,
Me thinkes her very name should fright thee from her,
And neuer trouble me.

Seb. Why is the name of *Mol* so fatall sir.

Alex. Many one sir, where suspect is entred,
For seeke all *London* from one end to t'other,
More whoores of that name, then of any ten other.

Seb. Whats that to her? let those blush for themselues,
Can any guilt in others condemne her?
I'ue vowd to loue her: let all stormes oppose me,
That euer beate against the brest of man,
Nothing but deaths blacke tempest shall diuide vs.

Alex. Oh folly that can dote on nought but shame.

Seb. Put case a wanton itch runs through one name
More then another, is that name the worse,
Where honesty sits possest in't? it should rather
Appeare more excellent, and deserue more praise,
When through foule mistis a brightnesse it can raise.
Why there are of the diuels, honest Gentlemen,
And well descended, keepe an open house,
And some ath (good mans) that are arrant knaues.
He hates vnworthily, that by rote contemnes,
For the name neither saues, nor yet condemnes,
And for her honesty, I haue made such proofe an't,

The Roaring Girl.

In seuerall formes, so neetely watcht her waies,
I will maintaine that strict, against an army,
Excepting you my father: here's her worst,
Sh'has a bold spirit that mingles with mankind,
But nothing else comes neere it: and oftentimes
Through her apparell somewhat shames her birth,
But she is loose in nothing but in mirth,
Would all *Mols* were no worse.

Alex. This way I toyle in vaine and give but ayme
To infamy and ruine: he will fall,
My blessing cannot stay him: all my ioyes
Stand at the brinke of a deuouring floud
And will be wilfully swallowed: wilfully.
But why so vaine, let all these teares be lost,
Ile pursue her to shame, and so al's crost. *Exit Sir Alexander*

Seb. Hee is gon with some strange purpose, whose effect
Will hurt me little if he shoot so wide,
To thinke I loue so blindly: I but feed
His heart to this match, to draw on th'other.
Wherein my ioy sits with a full wish crownd;
Onely his moode excepted which must change,
By opposite pollicies, courses indirect,
Plaine dealing in this world takes no effect.
This madde girle I'le acquaint with my intent,
Get her assistance, make my fortunes knowne,
Twixt louers hearts, shee's a fit instrument,
And has the art to help them to their owne,
By her aduise, for in that craft shee's wise,
My loue and I may meeete, spite of all spies. *Exit Sebastian.*

Enter Laxton in Graies-Inne fields with the Coachman.

Lax. Coachman.

Coach. Heere sir.

Lax. There's a tester more, prethee driue thy coach to the
hither end of Marybone parke, a fit place for *Mol* to get in.

Coach. Marybone parke sir.

The Roaring Girl.

Lax. I, its in our way thou knowst.

Coach. It shall be done sir.

Lax. Coachman.

Coach. A non sir.

Lax. Are we fitted with good phrampell iades.

Coach. The best in Smithfield I warrant your sir.

Lax. May we safely take the vpper hand of any coacht v-
el-
uet cappe or tuftaffety iacket, for they keepe a vilde swag-
gering in coaches now a daies, the hyc waies are stopt with
them.

Coach. My life for yours and baffle em to sir,---- why they
are the same iades belleeue it sir, that haue drawne all your fa-
mous whores to Ware.

Lax. Nay then they know their businesse, they neede no
more instructions.

Coach. The're so vsd to such iourneis sir, I neuer vse whip to
em; for if they catch but the sent of a wench once, they runne
like diuels.

Exit Coachman with his whip.

Lax. Fine Cerberus, that rogue will haue the start of a
thousand ones, for whilst others trot a foot, heele ride prau-
cing to hell vpon a coach-horse.

Stay, tis now about the houre of her appointment, but yet I
The clocke see her not, harke whats this, one, two three, three by the clock
strikethree. at Sauoy, this is the houre, and Graies-Inne fields the place,
shee swore she'd meeet mee: ha yonders two Innes a Court-
men with one wench, but that's not shee, they walke toward
Islington out of my way, I see none yet drest like her, I must
ooke for a shag ruffe, a freeze ierken, a short sword, and a
safeguard, or I get none: why Mol prethee make hast, or the
Coachman will curse vs anon.

Enter Mol like a man.

Mol. Oh heeres my Gentleman: if they would keepe
their daies as well with their Mercers as their houres with
their harlots, no bankrout would giue seuen score pound for a
seriants place, for would you know a catchpoole rightly deri-
ued

The Roaring Girl.

riu'd, the corruption of a Cittizen, is the generation of a ser-
iant, how his eye hawkes for venvy. Come are you ready sir.

Lax. Ready, for what sir.

Mol. Do you aske that now sir, why was this meeting
pointed.

Lax. I thought you mistooke me sir,
You seeme to be some yong barrister,
I haue no suite in law ---- all my land's sold
I praise heauen for't, t'has rid me of much trouble,

Mol. Then I must wake you sir, where stands the coach,

Lax. Whose this, *Mol*: honest *Mol*.

Mol. So young, and purblind, your an old wanton in your
eyes I see that.

Lax. Th'art admirably suited for the three pigion's at
Brainford, Ile sweare I knew thee not.

Mol. Ile sweare you did not: but you shall know me now.

Lax. No not here, we shall be spyde efaith, the coach is bet-
ter, come. *Mol.* Stay.

Lax. What wilt thou vntuisse a point *Mol*.

Shee puts of her cloake and drawes.

Mol. Yes, heere's the point that I vntuisse, 'thas but
one tag, 'twill serue tho to tye vp a rogues tongue.

Lax. How.

(here's her pace,

Mol. There's the gold with which you hir'd your hackney,
Shee rackes hard, and perhaps your bones will feele it,
Ten angels of mine own, I'ue put to thine, win em, & weare em,

Lax. Hold *Moll*, Mistresse *Mary*.

Mol. Draw or Ile serue an execution on thee
Shall lay thee vp till doomes day.

Lax. Draw vpon a woman, why what dost meane *Mol*?

Mol. To teach thy base thoughts manners: th'art one of those
That thinkes each woman thy fond flexable whore,
If she but cast a liberall eye vpon thee,
Turne backe her head, shees thine, or a mongst company,
By chance drinke first to thee: then shee's quite gon,
There's no meanes to help her: nay for a need,
Wilt sweare vnto thy credulous fellow letchers.

That

THE MOARING GIRL.

That th'art more in fauour with a Lady at first sight
Then her monky all her life time;
How many of our sex, by such as thou
Haue their good thoughts paid with a blasted name
That neuer deserued losly or did trip
In path of whooredome, beyond cup and lip.
But for the staine of conscience and of soule,
Better had women fall into the hands
Of an act silent, then a bragging nothing,
There's no mercy in't --- what durst moue you sir,
To think me whoorish? a name which I de teare out
From the hye Germaines throat, if it lay ledger there
To dispatch priuy flanders against mee.
In thee I defye all men, there worst hates,
And their best flatteries, all their golden witchcrafts,
With which they intangle the poore spirits of fooles,
Distressed needlewomen and trade-fallne wiues.
Fish that must needs bite, or themselues be bitten,
Such hungry things as these may soone be tooke
With a worne fastned on a golden hooke.
Those are the letchers food, his prey, he watches
For quarrelling wedlockes, and poore shifting sisters,
Tis the best fish he takes: but why good fisherman,
Am I thought meate for you, that neuer yet
Had angling rod cast towards me? cause youl'e say
I'me giuen to sport, I'me often mery, iest,
Had mirth no kindred in the world but lust?
O shame take all her friends then: but how ere
Thou and the baser world censure my life,
Ile send 'em word by thee, and write so much
Vpon thy breast, cause thou shalt bear't in mind,
Tell them twere base to yeeld, where I haue conquer'd.
I scorne to prostitute my selfe to a man,
I that can prostitue a man to mee,
And so I greete thee.

Lax. Hear me.

Mol. Would the spirits of al my flanders, were claspt in thine.

That

The Roaring Girle:

That I might vexe an army at one time,

Lax. I do repent me, hold,

They fight.

Mol. You'l die the better Christian then.

Lax. I do confess I haue wrong'd thee Mol.

Mol. Confession is but poore amends for wrong,

Vnlesse a rope would follow.

Lax. I aske thee pardon.

Mol. I'me your hir'd whoore sir.

Lax. I yeeld both purse and body.

Mol. Both are mine, and now at my disposing.

Lax. Spare my life.

Mol. I scorne to strike thee basely.

Lax. Spoke like a noble girle i' faith.

Heart I thinke I fight with a familiar, or the Ghost of a fencer,
Sh'has wounded me gallantly, call you this a letcherous viage?
Here's bloud would haue seru'd me this feuen yeare in broken
heads and cut fingers, & it now runs all out together, pox at the
three pigeons, I would the coach were here now to carry mee
to the Chirurgions.

Exit Laxton.

Mol. If I could meete my enemies one by one thus,
I might make pretty shifft with 'em in time,
And make 'em know, shee that has wit, and spirit,
May scorne to liue beholding to her body for meate,
Or for apparell like your common dame,
That makes shame get her cloathes, to couer shame.
Base is that minde, that kneels vnto her body,
As if a husband stood in awe on's wife,
My spirit shall be Mistresse of this house,
As long as I haue time in't. — — oh

Enter Trapdore.

Heere comes my man that would be: 'tis his houre.
Faith a good well set fellow, if his spirit
Be answerable to his vmbles; he walkes stiffe,
But whether he will stand to't stify, there's the point;
Has a good calfe for't, and ye shall haue many a woman
Choose him shee meanes to meke her head, by his calfe;
I do not know their trickes in't, faith he seemes
A man without; I'le try what he is within,

F

Trap.

The Roaring Girl.

Trap. Shee told me Graies-Inne fields twixt three & foure,
Ile fit her Mistreship with a peece of seruice,
I me hir'd to rid the towne of one mad girtle. *Shee iustles him*
What a pox ailes you sir?

Mol. He beginnes like a Gentleman,

Trap. Heart, is the field so narrow, or your eye-sight:
Life he comes backe againe. *She comes towards him.*

Mol. Was this spoke to me sir.

Trap. I cannot tell sir.

Mol. Go y'are a coxcombe.

Trap. Coxcombe.

Mol. Y'are a flauue.

Trap. I hope there's law for you sir.

Mol. Ye, do you see sir.

Turne his hat.

Trap. Heart this is no good dealing, pray let me know what
house your off.

Mol. One of the Temple sir.

Philips him.

Trap. Masse so me thinkes.

Mol. And yet sometime I lye about chicke lane.

Trap. I like your the worse because you shift your lodging
Ile not meddle with you for that tricke sir. *(so often*

Mol. A good shift, but it shall not serue your turne.

Trap. You'le giue me leaue to pasle about my businesse sir.

Mol. Your businesse, Ile make you waite on mee before I
ha done, and glad to serue me too.

Trap. How sir, serue you, not if there were no more men
in England.

Moll. But if there were no more women in England
I hope you'd waite vpon your Mistresse then,

Trap. Mistresse.

Mol. Oh your a tri'd spirit at a push sir,

Trap. What would your Worship haue me do.

Mol. You a fighter.

Trap. No, I praise heauen, I had better grace & more maners.

Mol. As how I pray sir.

Trap. Life, 'thad bene a beastly part of me to haue drawne
my weapons vpon my Mistresse, all the world would a cry'd
shame

The Roaring Girle.

shame of me for that.

Mol. Why but you knew me not.

Trap. Do not say so Mistresse, I knew you by your wide straddle, as well as if I had bene in your belly.

Mol. Well, we shall try you further, ith meane time wee giue you entertainement.

Trap. Thanke your good Mistreship.

Mol. How many suites haue you.

Trap. No more suites then backes Mistresse.

Mol. Well if you deserue, I cast of this, next weeke, And you may creepe into't.

Trap. Thanke your good Worship.

Mol. Come follow me to S. Thomas Apostolos, Ile put a liuery cloake vpon your backe, the first thing I do,

Trap. I follow my deere Mistresse.

Exeunt omnes

Enter Mistresse Gallipot as from supper, her husband after her.

Mist. Gal. What *Pru*, Nay sweete *Prudence*.

Mist. Gal. What a pruining keepe you, I thinke the baby would haue a teate it kyes so, pray be not so fond of me, leaue your Citty humours, I me vext at you to see how like a calfe you come bleating after me.

Mist. Gal. Nay hony *Pru*: how does your rising vp before all the table shew? and flinging from my friends so vnciuily, fyue *Pru*, fyue, come.

Mist. Gal. Then vp and ride ifaith.

Mist. Gal. Vp and ride, nay my pretty *Pru*. that's farre from my thought, ducke: why mouse, thy minde is nibbling at something, whats ist, what lyes vpon thy Stomach?

Mist. Gal. Such an asse as you: hoyda, y'are best turne mid-wife, or Physition: y'are a Poticary already, but I me none of your drugs.

Mist. Gal. Thou art a sweete drug, sweetest *Pru*, and the more thou art pounded, the more pretious.

Mist. Gal. Mnst you be prying into a womans secrets: say ye?

Mist. Gal. Womans secrets.

The Roaring Girle.

Mist. Gal. What? I cannot haue a qualme come vpon mee
but your teeth waters, till your nose hang ouer it.

Mist. Gal. It is my loue deere wife.

Mist. Gal. Your loue? your loue is all words; giue mee
deeds, I cannot abide a man that's too fond ouerme, so coo-
kish; thou dost not know how to handle a woman in her kind,

Mist. Gal. No *Pru*? why I hope I haue handled. -----

Mist. Gal. Handle a fooles head of your owne, -- fih---fih.

Mist. Gal. Ha, ha, tis such a waspe; it does mee good now
to haue her sing me, little rogue.

Mist. Gal. Now fye how you vex me, I cannot abide these
aperne husbands: such cotqueanes, you ouerdoe your things,
they become you scuruily.

Mist. Gal. Upon my life she breeds, heauen knowes how
I haue straind my selfe to please her, night and day: I wonder
why wee Cittizens should get children so fretfull and vnto-
ward in the breeding, their fathers being for the most part as
gentle as milch kine: shall I leaue thee my *Pru*.

Mist. Gal. Fye, fye, fye.

Mist. Gal. Thou shalt not bee vext no more, pretty kind
rogue, take no cold sweete *Pru*. *Exit Mist. Gallipot.*

Mist. Gal. As your wit has done: now Maister *Laxton* shew
your head, what newes from you? would any husband suspect
that a woman crying, Buy any scurui-grasse, should bring loue
letters amongst her herbes to his wife, pretty tricke, faine con-
veyance? had iealousy a thousand eyes, a silly woman with scur-
uy-grasse blinds them all; *Laxton* with bayes crown I thy wit
for this, it deserues praise.

This makes me affect thee more, this prooues thee wise,
Lacke what poore shifte is loue forc't to deuise? (toth' point)

She reads the letter.

O Sweete Creature --- (a sweete beginning) pardon my long ab-
sence, for thou shalt shortly be possessed with my presence; though
Demophon was false to Phillis, I will be to thee as Pan-da-rus
was to Cres-sida: tho Eneus made an asse of Dido, I will dye to
thee ere I do so; o sweetest creature make much of me, for no man
beneath

The Roaring Girle.

beneath the siluer moone shall make more of a woman then I do
of thee, furnish me therefore with thir: y pounds, you must doe it of
necessity for me; I languish till I see som: comfort come from thee,
protesting not to dye in thy debt, but rather to live so, as hitherto I
have and will.

Thy true Laxton euer.

Alas poore Gentleman, troth I pitty him,
How shall I raise this money? thirty pound?
Tis thirty sure, a 3 before an o,
I know his threes too well; my childbed linnen?
Shall I pawne that for him? then if my marke
Be knowne I am vndone; it may be thought
My husband's bankrout: which way shall I turne?
Laxton, what with my owne feares, and thy wants,
I'me like a needle twixt two adamants.

Enter Maister Gallipot hastily.

Maist. Gal. Nay, nay, wife, the women are all vp, ha, how,
reading a letters? I smel a goose, a couple of capons, and a gam-
mon of bacon from her mother out of the country, I hold my
life, --- steale, --- steale. *Maist. Gal.* O beshrow your heart.

Maist. Gal. What letter's that? I'le see't. *She teares the letter.*

Maist. Gal. Oh would thou had'st no eyes to see the downefall
of me and thy selfe: I'me for euer, for euer I'me vndone.

Maist. Gal. What ailes my *Pru*? what paper's that thou tear'st?

Maist. Gal. Would I could teare
My very heart in peeces: for my soule
Lies on the racke of shame, that tortures me
Beyond a womans suffering.

Maist. Gall. What meanes this?

Maist. Gall. Had you no other vengeance to throw downe,
But euen in heigh of all my ioyes?

Maist. Gal. Deere woman.

Maist. Gal. When the full sea of pleasure and content seem'd
to flow ouer me.

Maist. Gal. As thou desirest to keepe mee out of bedlam,

F 3 tell

The Roaring Girle.

tell what troubles thee, is not thy child at nurse fayne sicke, or dead?

Mist.Gal. Oh no.

Mist.Gal. Heauen blesse me, are my barnes and houses Yonder at Hockly hole consum'd with fire, I can build more, sweete *Pru*.

Mist.Gal. Tis worse, tis worse.

Mist.Gal. My factor broke, or is the *Jonas* suncke.

Mist.Gal. Would all we had were swallowed in the waues, Rather then both should be the scorne of slaues.

Mist.Gal. I me at my wits end.

Mist.Gal. Oh my deere husband, Where once I thought my selfe a fixed starre, Plac't onely in the heauen of thine armes, I feare now I shall proue a wandefer, Oh *Laxton*, *Laxton*, is it then my fate To be by thee o'rethowne?

Mist.Gal. Defend me wisedome, From falling into frenzie, on my knees. (thy bosome. Sweete *Pru*, speake, whats that *Laxton* who so heauy lyes on

Mist.Gal. I shall sure run mad.

Mist.Gal. I shall run mad for company then: speak to me, I me *Gallipot* thy husband, --- *Pru*, --- why *Pru*. Art sicke in conscience for some villanous deed Thou wert about to act, didst meane to rob me, Tush I forgiue thee, haft thou on my bed Thrust my soft pillow vnder anothers head? Ile winke at all faults *Pru*, las that's no more, Then what some neighbours neere thee, haue done before, Sweete hony *Pru*, whats that *Laxton*?

Mist.Gall. Oh.

Mist.Gal. Out with him.

Mist.Gall. Oh hee's borne to be my vndoer, This hand which thou calst thine, to him was giuen, To him was I made sure ith sight of heauen.

Mist.Gal. I neuer heard this thunder.

Mist.Gall. Yes, yes, before

The Roaring Girle.

I was to thee contracted, to him I swore,
Since last I saw him twelue moneths three times told,
The Moone hath drawne through her light siluer bow,
For ore the seas hee went, and it was said,
(But Rumor lyes) that he in France was dead.
But hee's aliue, oh hee's aliue, he sent,
That letter to me, which in rage I rent,
Swearing with oathes most damnably to haue me,
Or teare me from this bosome, oh heauens saue me,

Mist. Gal. My heart will breake, — sham'd and vndone
for euer.

Mist. Gal. So black a day(poore wretch) went ore thee neuer.

Mist. Gal. If thou shouldest wrastle with him at the law,
Th'art sure to fall, no odde slight, no preuention.
Ile tell him th'art with child.

Mist. Gal. Vmh.

Mist. Gall. Or giue out one of my men was tane a bed
with thee.

Mist. Gal. Vmh,vmh.

Mist. Gal. Before I loose thee my deere *Pru*,
Ile driue it to that push.

Mist. Gal. Worse, and worse still,
You embrace a mischiese, to preuent an ill.

Mist. Gal. Ile buy thee of him, stop his mouth with Gold,
Think'st thou twill do.

Mist. Gall. Oh me, heauens grant it would,
Yet now my sences are set more in tune,
He writ, as I remember in his letter,
That he in riding vp and downe had spent,
(Ere hee could finde me) thirty pounds, send that,
Stand not on thirty with him.

Mist. Gal. Forty *Pru*, say thou the word tis done, wee
venture liues for wealth, but must do more to keepe our wiues,
thirty or forty *Pru*.

Mist. Gal. Thirty good sweete
Of an ill bargaine lets saue what we can,
Ile pay it him with my teares, he was a man

When

The Roaring Girle.

When first I knew him of a meeke spirit,
All goodnesse is not yet dryd vp I hope.

Maist.Gall. He shall haue thirty pound, let that stop all:
Loues sweets tast best, when we haue drunke downe Gall.

*Enter Maister Tiltyard, and his wife, Maister Goshawke, and
Mistresse Openworke.*

Gods so, our friends; come, come, smoth your cheeke;
After a storme the face of heauen looks fleeke.

Maist.Tilt. Did I not tell you these turtles were together?

Mist.Tilt. How dost thou serra? why sister *Gallipot*?

Mist.Open. Lord how shee's chang'd?

Gosb. Is your wife ill sir?

Maist.Gal. Yes indeed la sir, very ill, very ill, neuer worse,

Mist.Tilt. How her head burnes, feele how her pulses work.

Mist.Open. Sister lie downe a little, that alwaies does mee
good.

Mist.Tilt. In good sadness I finde best ease in that too,
Has shee laid some hot thing to her Stomach?

Mist.Gal. No, but I will lay someting anon.

Mist.Tilt. Come, come fooles, you trouble her, shal's goe
Maister *Gosb.orneke*?

Gosb. Yes sweete Maister Tiltyard, serra *Rosamond* I hold my
life *Gallipot* hath vext his wife.

Mist.Open. Shee has a horrible high colour indeed.

Gosb. Wee shall haue your face painted with the same red
soone at night, when your husband comes from his rubbers in
a false alley; thou wilt not beleue me that his bowles run with
a wrong byas.

Mist.Open. It cannot sinke into mee, that hee feedes vpon
stale mutten abroad, hauing better and fresher at home.

Gosb. What if I bring thee, where thou shalt see him stand
at racking and manger?

Mist.Open. Hee saddle him in's kind, and spurre him till hee
kicke againe.

Gosb. Shall thou and I ride our iourney then,

Mist.Open.

The Roaring Girle:

Mist. Open. Heere's my hand.

Gosb. No more; come Maister Tiltyard, shall we leape into the stirrops with our women, and amble home?

Maist. Tilt. Yes, yes, come wife.

Mist. Tilt. Introth sister, I hope you will do well for all this.

Mist. Gal. I hope I shall: farewell good sister: sweet Maister Goshawke.

Maist. Gal. Welcome brother, most kindlie welcome sir.

Omnes Thankes sir for our good cheere.

Exeunt all but Gallipot and his wife.

Mist. Gal. It shall be so, because a crafty knaue
Shall not out reach me, nor walke by my dore
With my wife arme in arme, as 'twere his whoore,
I'le give him a golden coxcombe, thirty pound:
Tush *Prn* what's thirty pound? sweete ducke looke cheerely.

Mist. Gal. Thou art worthy of my heart thou bui'st itdeerely.

Enter Laxton muffled.

Lax. Vds light the tide's against me, a pox of your Pottierishp: oh for some glister to set him going; 'tis one of *Heroules* labours, to tread one of these Cittie hennes, because their cockes are stil crowing ouer them; there's no turning tale here, I must on.

Mist. Gal. Oh, husband see he comes.

Maist. Gal. Let me deale with him.

Lax. Bless you sir.

Maist. Gal. Be you blest too sir if you come in peace.

Lax. Haue you any good pudding Tobacco sir?

Mist. Gal. Oh picke no quarrels gentle sir, my husband Is not a man of weapon, as you are,
He knowes all, I haue opned all before him, concerning you.

Lax. Zounes has she showne my letters.

Mist. Gal. Suppose my case were yours, what would you do.
At such a pinch, such batteries, such assaultes,
O' father, mother, kinred, to dissolute
The knot you tyed, and to be bound to him?

G

How

The Roaring Girl.

How could you shift this storme off?

Lax. If I know hang me.

Mist. Gal. Besides a story of your death was read
Each minnte to me.

Lax. What a pox meanes this ridling?

Mist. Gal. Be wise sir, let not you and I be tost
On Lawiers pens; they haue sharpe nibs and draw
Mens very heart bloud from them; what need you sir
To beate the drumme of my wifes infamy,
And call your friends together sir to prooue
Your precontact, when sh'has confessit?

Lax. Vmh sir, --- has she confessit?

Mist. Gal. Sh'has 'faith to me sir, vpon your letter sending.

Mist. Gal. I haue, I haue.

Lax. If I let this yron coole call me slauie,
Do you heare, you dame *Prudence*? think'ſt thou vile woman
I'le take these blowes and winke?

Mist. Gal. Vpon my knees.

Lax. Out impudence.

Mist. Gal. Good sir.

Lax. You goatish slauies,
No wilde foule to cut vp but mine?

Mist. Gal. Alas sir,
You make her flesh to tremble, frighr her not,
Shee shall do reason, and what's fit.

Lax. I'le haue thee, wert thou more common
Then an hospitall, and more diseased. —

Mist. Gal. But one word good sir.

Lax. So sir.

Mist. Gal. I married her, haue line with her, and got
Two children on her body, thinke but on that;
Haue you so beggarly an appetite
When I vpon a dainty dish haue fed
To dine vpon my scraps, my leauings? ha sir?
Do I come neere you now sir?

Lax. Be Lady you touch me.

Mist. Gal. Would not you scorne to weare my cloathes sir?

Lax.

The Roaring Girl.

Lax. Right sir.

Maist. Gal. Then pray sir weare not her, for shee's a garment
So fitting for my body, I me loath
Another should put it on, you will vndoe both.
Your letter (as shee said) complained you had spent
In quest of her, some thirty pound, I'le pay it;
Shall that sir stop this gap vp twixt you two?

Lax. Well if I swallow this wrong, let her thanke you:
The mony being paid sir, I am gon:
Farewell, oh women happy's hee trusts none.

Mift. Gall. Dispatch him hence sweete husband.

Maist. Gal. Yes deere wife: pray sir come in, ere Maister
Thou shalt in wine drinke to him. (Laxton part)

Exit Maister Gallipot and his wife.

Mift. Gal. With all my heart; --- how dost thou like my wif?

Lax. Rarely, that wile
By which the Serpent did the first woman beguile,
Did euer since, all womens bosomes fill;
Y'are apple eaters all, deceiuers still. Exit Laxton.

*Enter Sir Alexander Wengraue: Sir Dauy Dapper, Sir Adam
Appleton, at one doore, and Trapdore at another doore.*

Alex. Out with your tale Sir *Dauy*, to Sir *Adam*.
A knaue is in mine eie deepe in my debt.

Sir Da. Nay: if hee be a knaue sir, hold him fast.

Alex. Speake softly, what egge is there hatching now.

Trap. A Ducks egge sir, a ducke that has eaten a frog, I
haue crackt the shell, and some villany or other will peep out
presently; the ducke that sits is the bouncing Rampe (that
Roaring Girle my Mistresse) the drake that must tread is your
sonne Sebastian.

Alex. Be quicke.

Trap. As the tongue of an oyster wench.

Alex. And see thy newes be true.

Trap. As a barbars euery satterday night --- mad *Mol.*

Alex. Ah.

The Roaring Girle.

Trap. Must be let in without knocking at your backe gate.

Alex. So.

Trap. Your chamber will be made baudy.

Alex. Good.

Trap. Shee comes in a shirt of male.

Alex. How shirt of male?

Trap. Yes sir or a male shirt, that's to say in mans apparell.

Alex. To my sonne.

Trap. Close to your sonne : your sonne and her Moone will be in coniunction , if all Alminacks lie not , her blacke saueguard is turned into a deepe sloppe, the holes of her vpper body to button holes, her wastcoate to a dublet, her placket to the ancient seate of a codpice, and you shall take 'em both with standing collers.

Alex. Art sure of this?

Trap. As every throng is sure of a pick-pocket , as sure as a whoore is of the clyents all *Michaelmas Tearme*, and of the pox after the Tearme.

Alex. The time of their tilting?

Trap. Three.

Alex. The day?

Trap. This.

Alex. Away ply it, watch her.

Trap. As the diuell doth for the death of a baud, I'le watch her, do you catch her.

Alex. Shee's fast: heere weaue thou the nets; harke,

Trap. They are made. (maintain't.

Alex. I told them thou didst owe mee money; hold it vp:

Trap. Stify; as a Puritan does contention,
Foxe I owe thee not the value of a halfe penny halter.

Alex. Thou shalt be hang'd in't ere thou scape so.
Vaire I'le make thee looke through a grate.

Trap. I'le do't presently, through a Tauerne grate, drawer:
fish. Exit Trapdore

Al m. Has the knaue vexed you sir?

Alex. Ask him my mony,
He swears my sonne receiu'd it: oh that boy

Will

The Roaring Girle.

Will nere leaue heaping sorrowes on my heare,
Till he has broke it quite.

Adam. Is he still wild?

Alex. As is a russi an Beare.

Adam. But he has left
His old haunt with that baggige.

Alex. Worse still and worse,
He laies on me his shame, I on him my curse.

S. Dany. My sonne lache Dapper then shall run with him,
All in one pasture.

Adam. Proues your sonne bad too sir?

S. Dany. As villany can make him: your *Sebastian*
Doates b'it on one drabb, mine on a thousand,
A noyse of fiddlers, Tobacco, wine and a whoore,
A Mercer that will let him take vp more,
Dyce, and a water spaniell with a Ducke:oh,
Bring him a bed with these, when his purse gingles,
Roaring boyes follow at's tale, fencers and ningles,
(Beasts *Adam* nere gaue name to) these horse-leepes sucke
My sonne, he being drawne dry, they all liue on smoake.

Alex. Tobacco?

S. Dany. Right, b'it I haue in my braine
A windmill going that shall grind to dust
The follies of my soane, and make him wise,
Or a sterke foole: pray lend me your advise.

Borb. That shall you good sir *Dany.*

S. Dany. Heere's the sprindge
I ha set to catch this woodcocke in: an action
In a false name (unknowne to him) is entred.
I th Counter to arrest lache Dapper.

Borb. Ha, ha, he.

S. Dany. Thinke you the Counter cannot breake him?

Adam. Breake him?
Yes and breake's heart too if he lie there long.

S. Dany. I'le make him sing a Counter tenor sute.

Adam. No way to tame him like it, there hee shall learne
What mony is indeed, and how to spend it.

The Roaring Girl.

S. Dany. Hee's bridled there.

Alex. I, yet knowes not how to mend it,
Bedlam cures not more madmen in a yea're,
Then one of the Counters does, men pay more deere
There for there wit then any where; a Counter
Why 'tis an vniversitie, who not sees?
As schollers there, so heere men take degrees,
And follow the same studies (all alike.)
Schollers learne first Logicke and Rhetoricke.
So does a prisoner; with fine honied speech
At's first comming in he doth perswade, beseech,
He may be lodg'd with one that is not itchy;
To lie in a cleane chamber, in sheets not lowfy,
But when he has no money, then does he try,
By subtile Logicke, and quaint sophistry,
To make the keepers trust him.

Adam. Say they do.

Alex. Then hee's a graduate.

S. Dany. Say they trust him not,

Alex. Then is he held a freshman and a sot,
And neuer shall commence, but being still bar'd
Be expulst from the Maisters side, toth' twopenny ward,
Or else i'th hole, beg plac't.

Adam. When then I pray proceeds a prisoner.

Alex. When mony being the theame,
He can dispute with his hard creditors hearts,
And get out cleere, hee's then a Maister of Arts;
Sir *Dany* send your sonne to Woodstreet Colledge,
A Gentleman can no where get more knowledge.

S. Dany. There Gallants study hard.

Alex. True: to get mony.

S. Dany. 'lies bith' heeles i' faith, thankes, thankes, I ha sent
For a couple of beares shall paw him.

Enter Seriant Curtilax and Yeoman Hanger.

Adam. Who comes yonder?

S. Dany

The Roaring Girl.

S. Dany. They looke like puttocks, these should be they.

Alex. I know 'em, they are officers, sir wee'l leaue you.

S. Dany. My good knights.

Leaue me, you see I'me haunted now with spirits.

Bot's. Fare you well sir.

Exeunt Alex. and Adam,

Curt. This old muzzle chops should be he
By the fellowes discription: Sawe you sir.

S. Dany. Come hither you mad varlets, did not my man tell
you I watcht here for you.

Curt. One in a blew coate sir told vs, that in this place an
old Gentleman would watch for vs, a thing contrary to our
oath, for we are to watch for euery wicked member in a City.

S. Dany. You'l watch then fot ten thousand, what's thy
name honesty?

Curt. Seriant *Curtilax* I sir.

S. Dany. An excellent name for a Seriant, *Curtilax*.

Seriants indeed are weapons of the law,
When prodigall ruffians farre in debt are growne,
Should not you cut them; Cittizens were orethrowne,
Thou dwel'st hereby in Holborne *Curtilax*.

Curt. That's my circuit sir, I coniure most in that circle.

S. Dany. And what yong toward welp is this?

Hang. Of the same litter, his yeoman sir, my name's *Hanger*.

S. Dany. Yeoman *Hanger*.

One paire of sheeres sure cut out both your coates,
You haue two names most dangerous to mens throates,
You two are villanous loades on Gentlemens backs,
Deere ware, this *Hanger* and this *Curtilax*.

Curt. We are as other men are sir, I cannot see but hee who
makes a shew of honesty and religion, if his clawes can fa-
stent to his liking, he drawes bloud; all that liue in the world,
are but great fish and little fish, and feede vpon one another,
some eate vp whole men, a Seriant cares but for the shoulder of
a man, they call vs knaues and curres, but many times hee that
sets vs on, worries more lambes one yeare, then we do in seuen.

S. Dany. Spoke like a noble *Cerberus*, is the aetion entred?

Hang. His name is entred in the booke of vnbeleeuers.

S. Dany.

The Roaring Girle.

S. Dany. What booke's that?

Curt. The booke where all prisoners names stand, and not one amongst forty, when he comes in, beleues to come out in hast.

S. Da. Be as dogged to him as your office allowes you to be.

Both. Oh sir.

S. Dany. You know the vnthrifte *Jacke Dapper*.

Curt. I, I, sir, that Gull? as well as I know my yeoman.

S. Dany. And you know his father too, *Sir Dany Dapper*?

Curt. As damn'd a vsurer as euer was among Iewes; if hee were sure his fathers skinne would yeeld him any mouey, hee would when he dyes flea it off, and sell it to couer drummes for children at Bartholmew faire.

S. Dany. What toades are these to spit poyson on a man to his face? doe you see (my honest rascals?) yonder gray-hound is the dog he hunts with, out of that Tauerne *Jacke Dapper* will sally sa, sa; giue the counter, on, set vpon him.

Both. Wee'l charge him vppo'th backe sir.

S. Dany. Take no baile, put mace enough into his caudle, double your files, trauerse your ground.

Both. Braue sir.

S. Dany. Cry arme, arme, arme.

Both. Thus sir.

S. Dany. There boy, there boy, away: looke to your prey my trew English wolues, and and so I vanish. *Exit S. Dany*

Curt. Some warden of the Seriants begat this old fellow vpon my life, stand close.

Hang. Shall the ambuscado lie in one place?

Curt. No uooke thou yonder. *Enter Mol and Trapdore.*

Mol. Ralph.

Trap. What sayes my braue Captaine male and female?

Mol. This Holborne is such a wrangling streete,

Trap. That's because Lawiers walkes to and fro in't.

Mol. Heere's such iuostling, as if euery one wee met were drunke and reel'd.

Trap. Stand Mist-esse do you not smell carriion?

Mol. Carryon? no, yet I spy rauens.

Trap.

The Roaring Girl.

Trap. Some poore winde-shaken gallant will anon fall into sore labour, and these men-midwiues must bring him to bed i'the counter, there all those that are great with child with debts, lie in.

Mol. Stand vp.

Trap. Like your new maypoll.

Hang. Whist, whew.

Curt. Hump, no.

Mol. Peeping? it shall go hard huntmen, but I'le spoyle your game, they looke for all the world like two infected malt-men comming muffled vp in their cloakes in a frosty morning to London.

Trap. A course, Captaine; a beare comes to the stake.

Enter Jacke Dapper and Gul.

Mol. It should bee so, for the dogges struggle to bee let loose.

Hang. Whew. *Curt.* Hemp.

Moll. Harke Trapdore, follow your leader.

Jacke Dap. Gul.

Gul. Maister.

Jacke Dap. Did'st euer see such an asse as I am boy?

Gul. No by my troth sir, to loose all your mony, yet haue false dice of your owne, why 'tis as I saw a great fellow vsed t'other day, he had a faire sword and buckler, and yet a butcher dry beate him with a cudgell.

Both. Honest Sericant fly, flic Maister Dapper you'l be arrested else.

Jacke Dap. Run Gul and draw.

Gul. Run Maister, Gul follows you.

Exit Dapper and Gul.

Curt. I know you well enough, you'r but a whore to hang vpon any man.

Mol. Whores then are like Sericants, so now hang you, draw rogue, but strike not: for a broken pate they'l keepe their beds, and recover twenty markes damages.

Curt. You shall pay for this rescue, runne downe shoe-lane and meete him.

H

Trap.

The Roaring Girl.

Trap. Shu, is this a rescue Gentlemen or no?

Mol. Rescue? a pox on 'em, *Trapdore* let's away,
I'me glad I haue done perfect one good worke to day,
If any Gentleman be in Scriueners bands,
Send but for *Mol*, she'll baile him by these hands. *Exeunt.*

Enter Sir Alexander Wengraue solus.

Alex. Vnahppy in the follies of a sonne,
Led against iudgement, fense, obedience,
And all the powers of noblenesse and wit; *Enter Trapdore*
Oh wretched father, now *Trapdore* will she come?

Trap. In mans apparell sir, I am in her heart now,
And share in all her secrets.

Alex. Peace, peace, peacc.
Here take my Germane watch, hang't vp in sight,
That I may see her hang in English for't.

Trap. I warrant you for that now, next Sessions rids her sir,
This watch will bring her in better then a hundred constables.

Alex. Good *Trapdore* saist thou so, thou cheer'st my heart
After a storme of sorrow, — my gold chaine too,
Here take a hundred markes in yellow linkes.

Trap. That will do well to bring the watch to light sir.
And worth a thousand of your Headborowes lanthornes.

Alex. Place that a'the Court cubbart, let it lie
Full in the veiw of her theefe-whoorish eie.

Trap. Shee cannot misse it sir, I see't so plaine, that I could
steal't my selfe.

Alex. Perhaps thou shalt too,
That or something as weighty; what shee leaues,
Thou shalt come closely in, and filch away,
And all the weight vpon her backe I'le lay.

Trap. You cannot assure that sir.

Alex. No, what lets it?

Trap. Being a stout girle, perhaps shee'l desire pressing,
Then all the weight must ly vpon her belly.

Alex. Belly or backe I care not so I'ue one.

Trap.

The Roaring Girle.

Trap. You're of my minde for that sir.

Alex. Hang vp my ruffe band with the diamond at it,
It may be shee'll like that best.

Trap. It's well for her, that shee must haue her choice, hee
thinkes nothing too good for her, if you hold on this minde
a little longer, it shall bee the first worke I doe to turne theefe
my selfe; would do a man good to be hang'd when he is so wel
prouided for.

Alex. So, well sayd; all haugs well, would shee hung so too,
The sight would please me more, then all their gilsterings:
Oh that my mysteries to such streights should runne,
That I must rob my selfe to blesse my sonne. *Exeunt.*

Enter Sebastian, with Mary Fitz-Allard like a page, and Mol.

Seb. Thou hast done me a kind office, without touch
Either of sinne or shame, our loues are honest.

Mol. I de scorne to make such shift to bring you together else.

Seb. Now haue I time and opportunity
Without all feare to bid thee welcome loue. *Kisse.*

Mary. Neuer with more desire and harder venture.

Mol. How strange this shewes one man to kisse another.

Seb. I de kisse such men to chuse *Moll*,
Me thinkes a womans lip tast well in a dublet.

Mol. Many an old madam has the better fortune then,
Whose breathes grew stale before the fashion came,
If that will help 'em, as you thinke 't will do,
They'll learne in time to plucke on the hose too.

Seb. The older they waxe *Moll*, troth I speake seriously,
As some haue a conceit their drinke tast better
In an outlandish cup then in our owne,
So me thinkes euery kisse she giues me now
In this strange forme, is worth a paire of two,
Here we are safe, and furthest from the eie
Of all suspicion, this is my fathets chamber,
Vpon which floore he neuer steps till night.
Here he mistrusts me not, nor I his comming,

The Roaring Girl.

At mine owne chamber he still pries vnto me,
My freedome is not there at mine owne finding,
Still checkt and curb'd, here he shall misse his purpose.

Mol. And what's your businesse now, you haue your mind sir;
At your great suite I promisd you to come,
I pittied her for names sake, that a *Moll*
Should be so crost in loue, when there's so many,
That owes nine layes a peece, and not so little:
My taylor fitted her, how like you his worke?

Seb. So well, no Art can mend it, for this purpose,
But to thy wit and helpe we're chiefe in debt,
And must liue still beholding.

Mol. Any honest pitty
I'me willing to bestow vpon poore Ring-doues.

Seb. I'le offer no worse play.

Moll. Nay and you should sir,
I shold draw firs't and prooue the quicker man,

Seb. Hold, there shall neede no weapon at this meeting,
But cause thou shalt not loose thy fury idle,
Heere take this viall, runne ypon the guts,
And end thy quarrell singing.

Mol. Like a swan aboue bridge,
For looke you heer's the bridge, and heere am I.

Seb. Hold on sweete *Mol.*

Mary. I've heard her much commended sir, for one that
was nere taught.

Mol. I'me much beholding to 'em, well since you'l needes
put vs together sir, I'le play my part as wel as I can: it shall nere
be said I came into a Gentleman's chamber, and let his instru-
ment hang by the walls.

Seb. Why well said *Mol* i'faith, it had bene a shame for that
Gentleman then, that would haue let it hung still, and nere
offred thee it.

Mol. There it should haue bene stil then for *Mol*, for though
the world iudge impudently of mee, I nere came into that
chamber yet, where I tooke downe the instrument my selfe.

Seb. Pish let 'em prate abroad, th'art heere where thou art
knowne

The Roaring Girle.

knowne and lou'd, there be a thousand close dames that wil cal
the viall an vnmannery instrument for a woman, and therefore
talke broadly of thee, when you shall haue them sit wider to a
worse quality.

Mol. Push, I euer fall a sleepe and thinke not of 'em sir, and
thus I dreame.

Seb. Prithee let's heare thy dreame *Mol.*

Mol. I dreame there is a Mistresse,
And she layes out the money,
Shee goes unto her Sisters,
Shee never comes at any.

The song.

Enter Sir Alexander behind them
Shee sayes shee went to th' Burſſe for patternes,
You ſhall finde her at Saint Katherns,
And comes home with neuer a penny.

Seb. That's a free Mistresse' faith.

Alex. I,I,I, like her that ſings it, one of thine own chooſing.

Mol. But ſhall I dreame againe?

Here comes a wench will braue ye,
Her courage was ſo great,
Shee lay with one o' the Navy,
Her husband lying i' the Fleet.
Yet ofte with him ſhe canel'd,
I wonder what ſhee ailes,
Her husband ſhip lay gruel'd,
When her's could boyſe up ſailes,
Yet ſhee beganne like all my foes,
To call whoore firſt: for ſo do thofe;
A pox of all falſetayles.

Seb. Marry amen ſay I.

Alex. So ſay I too.

Mol. Hang vp the viall now ſir: all this while I was in a
dreame, one ſhall lie rudely then; but being awake, I keepe my
legges together; a watch, what's a clocke here.

Alex. Now, now, ſhee's trapt.

The Roaring Girl.

Moll. Betweene one and two; nay then I care not: a watch and a musician are cossen Germanes in one thing, they must both keepe time well, or there's no goodnesse in 'em, the one else deserues to be dasht against a wall, and tother to haue his braines knockt out with a fiddle case, what? a loose chaine and a dangling Diamond.

Here were a braue booty for an euening-theefe now,
There's many a younger brother would be glad
To looke twice in at a window for't,
And wriggle in and out, like an eele in a sandbag,
Oh if mens secret youthfull faults should judge 'em,
'Twould be the general'st execution,
That ere was seene in England; there would bee but few left to
sing the ballets. there would be so much worke: most of our
brokers would be chosen for hangmen, a good day for them:
they might renew their wardrops of free cost then.

Seb. This is the roaring wench must do vs good.

Mary. No poysone sir but serues vs for some vse, which is
confirm'd in her.

Seb. Peace, peace, foot I did here him sure, where ere he be.

Mol. Who did you heare?

Seb. My father, 'twas like a sight of his, I must be wary,

Alex. No wilt not be, am I alone so wretched

That nothing takes? I'le put him to his plundge for't.

Seb. Life, heere he comes, --- sir I beseech you take it,

Your way of teaching does so much content me,

I'le make it foure pound, here's forty shillings sir.

I thinke I name it right: helpe me good *Mol*,

Forty in hand.

Mol. Sir you shall pardon me,

I haue more of the meanest scholler I can teach,

This paies me more, then you haue offred yet.

Seb. At the next quarter

When I receiue the meanes my father lowes me.

You shall haue tother forty,

Alex. This were well now,

Wer't to a man, whose sorrowes had blindeies,

But

The Roaring Girle.

But mine behold his follies and vntrutheſ,
With two cleere glaſſeſ — how now?

Seb. Sir.

Alex. What's he there?

Seb. You'r come in good time ſir, I've a ſuite to you,
I'de craue your preſent kindneſſe.

Alex. What is he there?

Seb. A Gentleman, a muſitian ſir, one of excellent ſingring:

Alex. I, I thiuke ſo, I wonder how they ſcpta her.

Seb. Has the moſt delicate ſtroake ſir,

Alex. A ſtroake indeed, I feele it at my heart,

Seb. Puts downe all your famous muſitians.

Alex. I, a whoore may put downe a hundred of 'em.

Seb. Forty ſhillings is the agraement ſir betweene vs,
Now ſir, my preſent meaneſ, mounts but to halfe on't.

Alex. And he ſtands vpon the whole.

Seb. I indeed does he ſir.

Alex. And will doe ſtill, hee'l nere be in other taile,

Seb. Therefore I'de ſtop his mouth ſir, and I could,

Alex. Hum true, there is no other way indeed,
His folly hardens, shame muſt needs ſucceſſeſ.

Now ſir I vnderſtand you profeſſe muſique.

Mol. I am a poore ſeruant to that liberall ſcience ſir.

Alex. Where is it you teach?

Mol. Right againſt Cliffords Inne.

Alex. Hum that's a fit place for it: you haue many ſchollers.

Mol. And ſome of worth, whom I may call my maifters.

Alex. I true, a coimpany of whooremaifters; you teach to
ſing too?

Mol. Marry do I ſir.

Alex. I thiuke you'l finde an apt ſcholler of my ſonne, eſ-
pecially for pricke ſong.

Mol. I haue much hope of him.

Alex. I am ſory for't, I haue the leſſe for that: you can play
any leſſon.

Mol. At firſt ſight ſir.

Alex. There's a thing caſted the wiſch, can you play that?

Mol.

The Roaring Girle.

Mol. I would be sory any one should mend me in't.

Alex. I, I beleue thee, thou hast so bewitcht my sonne,
No care will mend the worke that thou hast done,
I haue bethought my selfe since my art failes,
I'le make her pollicy the Art to trap her.
Here are foure Angels markt with holes in them
Fit for his crackt companions, gold he will giue her,
These will I make induction to her ruine,
And rid shame from my house, grieve from my heart
Here sonne, in what you take content and pleasure,
Want shall not curbe you, pay the Gentleman
His latter halfe in gold.

Seb. I thanke you sir.

Alex. Oh may the operation an't, end three,
In her, life: shame, in him; and grieve, in mee. *Exit Alexander.*

Seb. Faith thou shalt haue 'em 'tis my fathers guift,
Neuer was man beguild with better shifte.

Mol. Hee that can take mee for a male musitian,
I cannot choose but make him my instrument,
And play vpon him. *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Mistresse Gallipot, and Mistresse Openworke.

Mist. Gal. Is then that bird of yours (Maister Goshawke) so wild?

Mist. Open. A Goshawke, a Puttocke; all for prey: he angles
for fish, but he loues flesh better.

Mist. Gal. Is't possible his smoth face should haue wrinckles in't, and we not see them?

Mist. Open. Possible? why haue not many handsome legges
in silke stockins villanous splay feete for all their great roses?

Mist. Gal. Troth firra thou saist true.

Mist. Open. Didst neuer see an archer (as tho' ast walkt by Bunhill)
ooke a squint when he drew his bow?

Mist. Gal. Yes, when his arrowes haue flin'e toward Islington,
his eyes haue shot cleane contrary towards Pimlico.

Mist. Open. For all the world so does Maister Goshawke double with me.

Mist. Gal.

The Roaring Girle.

Mist. Gal. Oh fie vpon him, if he double once he's not for me.

Mist. Open. Because *Goshaue* goe; in a shag-ruffe band,
with a face sticking vp in't, which showes like an agget set in
a crampere ring, he thinkes I'me in loue with him.

Mist. Gal. 'Las I thinke he takes his marke amisse in thee.

Mist. Open. He has by often beating into me made mee be-
leeue that my husband kept a whore.

Mist. Gal. Very good.

Mist. Open. Swore to me that my husband this very morning
went in a boate with a tilt ouer it, to the three pidgions at
Brainford, and his puncke with him vnder his tilt.

Mist. Gal. That were wholesome.

Mist. Open. I beleuu'd it, fell a swearing at him, cursing of
harlots, made me ready to hoyse vp saile, and be there as soone
as hee.

Mist. Gal. So, so.

Mist. Open. And for that voyage *Goshaue* comes hither in-
continently, but sirra this water-spaniell diues after no ducke
but me, his hope is hauing mee at *Brasneford* to make mee cry
quack.

Mist. Gall. Art sure of it?

Mist. Open. Sure of it? my poore innocent *Openworke* came
in as I was poking my ruffe, presently hit I him i'the teeth with
the three pidgions: he forswore all, I vp and opened ail, and
now stands he (in a shop hard by) like a musket on a rest, to hit
Goshaue i'the eie, when he comes to fetch mee to the boate.

Mist. Gal. Such another lame Gelding offered to carry
mee through thicke and thinne, (*Lixton* sirra) but I am ridd of
him now.

Mist. Open. Happy is the wōman can bee ridde of 'em all;
'las what are your whisking gallants to our husbands, weigh
'em rightly man for man.

Mist. Gall. Troth meere shallow things.

Mist. Open. Idle simple things, running heads, and yet let
'em run ouer vs neuer so fast, we shop-keepers (when all's done)
are sure to haue 'em in our pursnets at length, and when they
are in, Lord what simple animalls they are.

The Roaring Girl,

Mist. Open. Then they hang head.

Mist. Gal. Then they droupe.

Mist. Open. Then they write letters.

Mist. Gal. Then they cogge.

Mist. Open. Then they deale vnder hand with vs, and wee must ingle with our husbands a bed, and wee must sweare they are our cosens, and able to do vs a pleasure at Court.

Mist. Gal. And yet when wee haue donc our best, al's but put into a riuuen dish, wee are but frumpt at and libell'd vpon.

Mist. Open. Oh if it were the good Lords will, there were a law made, no Cittizen shold trust any of 'em all.

Enter Goshawke.

Mist. Gal. Hush serra, Goshawke flutters.

Gosh. How now, are you ready?

Mist. Open. Nay are you ready? a little thing you see makes vs ready.

Gosh. Vs? whā, must shee make one i' the voiage?

Mist. Open. Oh by any meanes, do I know how my husband will handle mee?

Gosh. Foot, how shall I finde water, to keepe these two mils going? Well since you'l needs bee clapt vnder hatches, if I sayle not with you both till all split, hang mee vp at the maine yard, & duck mee; it's butlickering them both soundly, & then you shall see their corke heeles flie vp high, like two swannes when their tayles are aboue water, and their long neckes vnder water, diuing to catch gudgiōns: come, come, oares stand ready, the tyde's with vs, on with those false faces, blow winds and thou shalt take thy husband, casting out his net to catch fresh Salmon at Brainford.

Mist. Gal. I beleue you'l eate of a coddes head of your owne dressing, before you reach halfe way thither.

Gosh. So, so, follow close, pin as you go.

Enter Laxton muffled.

Lax. Do you heare?

Mist. Gal. Yes, I thanke my eares.

Lax. I must haue a bout with your Poticariship,

Mist. Gal. At what weapon?

Lax.

The Roaring Girle.

Lax. I must speake with you. *Mist. Gal.* No.

Lax. No? you shall.

Mist. Gal. Shall? away souſt Sturgeon, halfe fish, halfe flesh.

Lax. 'Faith gib, are you ſpitting, I'le cut your tayle puſcat for this,

Mist. Gal. 'Las poore *Laxton*, I thinkē thy tayle's cut already: your worſt;

Lax. If I do not, — — — — —

Exit Laxton.

Goſſ. Come, ha' you done? *Enter Maifter Openworke.*
Sfoote *Rosamond*, your husband. welcome,

Maift. Open. How now? ſweete *Maift. Goſhawke*, none more I haue wanted your embracemēts: when friends meeſte, The muſique of the ſpheares ſounds not more ſweete, Then does their confeſſe: who is this? *Rosamond*:

Wife: how now ſiſter?

Goſſ. Silence if you loue mee.

Maift. Open. Why maskt?

Mift. Open. Does a maske grieue you ſir?

Maift. Open. It does.

Mift. Open. Then y'are beſt get you a mumming.

Goſſ. S'foote you'l ſpoyle all.

Mift. Gall. May not wee couer our bare faces with maskes As well as you couer your bald heads with hats?

Ma. Op. No maskes, why, th'are theeues to beauty, that rob Of admiration in which true loue lies, (eies

Why are maskes worne? why good? or why deſired?

Vnleſſe by their gay couers wits are fiered

To read the vild'ſt lookeſ; many bad faces,

(Because rich gemmes are treaſured vp in caſes)

Paffe by their priuiledge currant, but as caues

Dambe misers Gold, ſo maskes are beauties graues,

Men nere meeſte women with ſuch muſſled eies,

But they curse her, that firſt did maskes deuife,

And ſweare it was ſomebeldame. Come off with't.

Mift. Open. I will not.

Mift. Open. Good faces maskt are Jewels kept by ſpirits. Hide none but bad ones, for they poyſon mens fightes,

The Roaring Girle.

Show then as shop-keepers do their broidred stufte,
(By owle light) fine wares cannot be open enough,
Prithee (weete Rose) come strike this sayle.

Mist. Open. Saile? (eyes:

Mist. Open. Ha? yes wife strike saile, for stormes are in thine
Mist. Open. Th'are here sit in my browes if any rise.

Mist. Open. Ha browes? (what sayes she friend) pray tel me
Your two flagges were aduaunst; the Comedy, (why
Come what's the Comedy?

Mist. Open. Westward hoe.

Mist. Open. How?

Mist. Open. 'Tis Westward hoe shee saies.

Gosb. Are you both madde?

Mist. Open. Is't Market day at Braineford, and your ware not
sent vp yet?

Mist. Open. What market day? what ware?

Mist. Open. A py with three pidgions in't, 'tis drawne and
staies your cutting vp.

Gosb. As you regard my credit.

Mist. Open. Art madde?

Mist. Open. Yes letcherous goate; Baboone.

Mist. Open. Baboone? then tosse mee in a blancket,

Mist. Open. Do I it well? Mist. Gall. Rarely.

Gosb. Belike sir shee's not well; best leaue her.

Mist. Open. No,

I'le stand the storme now how fierce so ere it blow.

Mist. Open. Did I for this loose all my friends? refuse
Rich hopes, and golden fortunes, to be made
A stale to a common whore?

Mist. Open. This does amaze mee.

Mist. Open. Oh God, oh God, feede at reuersion now?

A Strumpets leauing? Mist. Open. Rosamond,

Gosb. I sweate, wo'l d I lay in cold harbour.

Mist. Open. Thou hast struck ten thousand daggers through
my heart.

Mist. Open. Not I by heauen sweete wife. (thee

Mist. Open. Go diuel go; that which thou swear'st by, damnes

Gosb.

The Roaring Girle:

Gosb. S'heart will you vndo mee?

Mist. Open. Why stay you heere? the starre, by which you
saile, shines yonder aboue *Chelij*; you loose your shore if this
moone light you: seeke out your light whore,

Mist. Open. Ha?

Mist. Gal. Push; your Westerne png.

Gosb. Zounds now hell roares.

Mist. Open. With whom you tilted in a paire of oares, this
very morning.

Mist. Open. Oares? *Mist. Open.* At *Brainford* sir.

Mist. Open. Rake not my patieuce: Maister *Goshamke*, some
flaue has buzzed this into her, has he not? I run a tilt in *Brain-
ford* with a woman? 'tis a lie: What old baud tels thee this?
S'death 'tis a lie.

Mist. Open. 'Tis one to thy face shall iustify all that I speake.

Mist. Open. Vd'soule do but name that rascall.

Mist. Open. No sir I will not.

Gosb. Keepe thee there girle: — then!

Mist. Open. Sister know you this varlet? *Mist. Gall.* Yes.

Mist. Open. Sweare true,

Is there a rogue so low damn'd? a second *Iudas*? a common hang-
man? cutting a mans throate? does it to his face? bite mee be-
hind my backe? a cur dog? sweare if you know this hell-hound.

Mist. Gall. In truth I do,

Mist. Open. His name?

Mist. Gall. Not for the world;

To haue you to stab him.

Gosb. Oh braue girles: worth Gold.

Mist. Open. A wōrd honest maister *Goshamke*.

Draw out his sword

Gosb. What do you meane sir?

Mist. Open. Keepe off, and if the diuell can giue a name to
this new fury, holla it throngh my eare, or wrap it vp in some
hid character: I'le ride to *Oxford*, and watch out mine cies, but
I'le heare the brazen head speake: or else shew me but one haire
of his head or beard, that I may sample it; if the fiend I meet (in
myne owne house) I'le kill him: — the streeete.

The Roaring Girle.

Or at the Church dore: --- there -- (cause he seekes to vnty
The knot God fastens) he deserues most to dy.

Mist. Open. My husband titles him.

Mist. Open. Maister Goshawke, pray sir
Sweare to me, that you know him or know hiw not, (wiues,
Who makes me at Brainford to take vp a peticote beside my
Goþ. By heauen that man I know not.

Mist. Open. Come, come, you lie.

Goþ. Will you not haue all our?
By heauen I know no man beneath the moon
Should do you wrong, but if I had his name,
I'de print it in text letters.

Mist. Open. Print thine owne then,
Didst not thou sweare to me he kept his whoore?

Mist. Gal. And that in sinfull Brainford they would commit
That which our lips did water at sir, -- ha?

Mist. Open. Thou spider, that hast wouen thy cunning web
In mine owne house t' insnare me: hast not thou
Suck't nourishment cuen vnderneath this roofe,
And turned it all to poyson? spittiug it,
On thy friends face (my husband?) he as t' were sleeping:
Onely to leaue him vgly to mine eies,
That they might glance on thee.

Mist. Gal. Speake, are these lies?

Goþ. Mine owne shame me confounds;

Mist. Open. No more, hee's stung;
Who'd thinke that in one body there could dwell
Deformitie and beauty, (heauen and hell)
Goodnesse I see is but outside, wee all set,
In rings of Gold, stones that be counterfet:
I thought you none,

Goþ. Pardon mee.

Mist. Open. Truth I doe.

This blemish growes in nature not in you,
For mans creation sticke cuen moles in scorne
On fairest cheeks, wife nothing is perfect borne.

Mist. Open. I thought you had bene borne perfect.

Mist. Open.

The Roaring Girle.

Maist. Open. What's this whole world but a gilt rotten pill?
For at the heart lies the old chore still.
I'le tell you Maister *Gosbawke*, I in your eie
I haue seene wanton fire, and then to try
The soundnesse of my iudgement, I told you
I kept a whoore, made you beleue 'twas true,
Onely to feele how your pulse beate, but find,
The world can hardly yeeld a perfect friend.
Come, come, a tricke of youth, and 'tis forgiuen,
This rub put by, our loue shall runne more euen.

Mist. Open. You'l deale vpon mens wiues no more?

Gosb. No: ---- you teach me a tricke for that.

Mist. Open. Troth do not, they'l o're-reach thee.

Mas. Open. Make my house yours sir still.

Gosb. No.

Maist. Open. I say you shall:
Seeing (thus besieg'd) it holds out, 'twill never fall.

Enter Maister Gallipot, and Greenewit like a Somner,
Laxton muffled a loofe off.

Omnies How now?

Maist. Gall. With mee sir?

Greene. You sir? I haue gon snaffling vp and downe by your
dore this houre to watch for you.

Mist. Gall. What's the matter husband?

Greene. ---- I haue caught a cold in my head sir, by sitting vp
late in the rose tauerne, but I hope you vnderstand my speech.

Maist. Gal. So sir.

Greene. I cite you by the name of *Hippocrates Gallipot*, and
you by the name of *Prudence Gallipot*, to appeare vpon *Crastino*,
doe you see, *Crastino sancti Dunstani* (this *Easter Tearme*) in
Bow Church.

Maist. Gall. Where sir? what saies he?

Greene. Bow: Bow Church, to answere to a libel of precon-
tract on the part and behalfe of the said *Prudence* and another;
y'are best sir take a copy of the citation, 'tis but tweluepence.

Omnies

The Roaring Girle.

Omnes A Citation?

Maist. Gal. You pocky-nosed rascall, what flauue fees you to this?

Lax. Slaue? I ha nothing to do with you, doe you heare sir?

Gob. Laxton ist not? --- what fagary is this?

Maist. Gal. Trust me I thought sir this storme long ago had bene full laid, when (if you be remembred) I paid you the last fifteene pound, besides the thirty you had first, --- for then you swore.

Lax. Tush, tush sir, oathes,
Truth yet I me loth to vexe you, -- tell you what;
Make vp the mony I had an hundred pound,
And take your belly full of her.

Maist. Gal. An hundred pound?

Mist. Gal. What a 100 pound? he gets none: what a 100 pound?

Maist. Gal. Sweet *Pru* be calme, the Gentleman offers thus,
If I will make the monyes that are past
A 100 pound, he will discharge all courts,
And giue his bond neuer to vexe vs more.

Mist. Gal. A 100 pound? 'Las; take sir but threescore,
Doyou seekc my vndoing?

Lax. I'le not bate one sixpence, --- I'le mall you pusse for spitting.

Mist. Gal. Do thy worst,
Will fourscore stop thy mouth?

Lax. No.

Mist. Gal. Y'are a flauue,
Thou Cheate, I'le now teare mony from thy throat,
Husband lay hold on yonder tauny-coate.

Greene. Nay Gentlemen, seeing your woemen are so hote, I must loose my haire in their company I see.

Mist. Ope. His haire sheds off, and yet he speaks not so much in the nose as he did before.

Gob. He has had the better Chirurgion, Maister *Greenewit*, is your wit so raw as to play no better a part then a Sommers?

Mist. Gal. I pray who playes a knacke to know an honest man in this company?

Mist. Gal.

The Roaring Girle.

Mist. Gall. Deere husband, pardon me, I did dissemble,
Told thee I was his precontracted wife,
When letters came from him for thirty pound,
I had no shifft but that.

Mist. Gal. A very cleane shifft : but able to make mee
lowfy, On.

Mist. Gal. Husband, I pluck'd (when he had tempted mee to
thinke well of him) Get fethers from thy wings, to make him
fliue more lofty. *Mist. Gall.* A'the top of you wife: on.

Mist. Gal. He hauing wasted them, comes now for more,
Vsing me as a ruffian doth his whore,
Whose sinne keepes him in breath: by heauen I vow,
Thy bed he neuer wrong'd, more then he does now.

Mist. Gal. My bed? ha, ha, like enough, a shop-boord will
serue to haue a cuckolds coate cut out vpon: of that wee'l
talke hercafter: y'are a villaine.

Lax. Heare mee but speake sir, you shall finde mee none.

Omnes Pray sir, be patient and heare him.

Mist. Gal. I am muzzled for biting sir, vse me how you will.

Lax. The first howre that your wife was in my eye,
My selfe with other Gentlemen fitting by,
(In your shop) tasting smoake, and ipeech beng vsed,
That men who haue fairest wiues are most abused,
And hardly scapt the horne, your wife maintain'd
That onely such spots in Citty dames were stain'd,
Iustly, but by mens flanders: for her owne part,
Shee vow'd that you had so much of her heart;
No man by all his wit, by any wile,
Neuer so fine spunne, should your selfe beguile,
Of what in her was yours.

Mist. Gal. Yet *Prn* 'tis well: play out your game at Irish
sir: Who winnes?

Mist. Open. The triall is when shee comes to bearing:

Lax. I scorn'd one woman, thus, should braue all men,
And (which more vexed me) a shee-citizen.
Therefore I laid siege to her, out she held,
Gaued many a braue repulse, and me compel'd

The Roaring Girle.

With shame to sound retrait to my hot lust,
Then seeing all base desires rak'd vp in dust,
And that to tempt her modest eares, I swore
Nere to prsumne againe: she said, her eie
Would euer giue me welcome honestly,
And (since I was a Gentleman) if it runne low,
Shee would my state relieu, not to o'rethrow
Your owne and hers: did so; then seeing I wrought
Upon her meekenesse, mee she set at nought,
And yet to try if I could turne that tide,
You see what stremme I stroue with, but sir I sweare
By heauen, and by those hopes men lay vp there,
I neither haue, nor had a base intent
To wrong your bed, what's done, is meriment:
Your Gold I pay backe with this interest,
When I had most power to do't I wroug'd you least.

Maist.Gal. If this no gullery be sir,

Omnes No, no, on my life,

Maist.Gal. Then sir I am beholden (not to you wife)
But Maister Laxton to your want of doing ill,
Which it seemes ye i haue not Gentlemen,
Tarry and dine here all.

Maist.Open. Brother, we haue a iest,
As good as yours to furnish out a feast.

Maist.Gal. Wee'l crowne our table with it: wife brag no more,
Of holding out: who most brags is most whore. *Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter Jacke Dapper, Moll, Sir Beautious Ganymed,
and Sir Thomas Long.*

Jacke Dap. But prethee Maister Captaine Jacke be plaine and
perspicuous with mee; was it your *Megge* of Westminsters
courage, that rescued mee from the Poultry puttockes indeed.

Moll. The valour of my wit I ensure you sir fetcht you off
brauely, when you werre i'the forlorne hope among those
desperates, Sir *Beautious Ganymed* here, and sir *Thomas Long*
heard that cuckoe (my man *Trapdore*) sing the note of your
ransome

The Roaring Girl.

ransome from captiuty.

Sir Bawt. Vds so *Mol*, where's that *Trapdore*?

Mol. Hang'd I thinke by this time, a Iustice in this towne, (that speakes nothing but make a *Mittimus* a way with him to Newgate) vsed that rogue like a fire-worke to run vpon a line betwixt him and me.

Omnes how, how?

Mol. Marry to lay traines of villany to blow vp my life; I smelt the powder, spy'd what linstocke gaue fire to shoote against the poore Captaine of the Gallifoyst, & away slid I my man, like a shouell-board shilling, hee stroutes vp and downe the suburbs I thinke: and eates vp whores: seedes vpon a bauds garbadg.

T. Long. Sirra Iacke Dapper.

Jac. Dap. What sai'st *Toms Long*?

T. Long. Thou hadst a sweet fac't boy halle fellow with thee to your little *Gull*: how is he spent?

Jack. Dap. Troth I whistled the poore little buzzard of a my fist, because when hee wayted vpon mee at the ordinaries, the gallants hit me i'the teeth still, and said I lookt like a painted Aldermans tomb, and the boy at my elbow like a deaths head, Sirra Iacke, *Mol*.

Mol. What saies my little *Dapper*?

Sir Bawt. Come, come, walke and talk, walke and talke.

Jack. Dap. Mol and I'le be i'the midst.

Mol. These Knights shall haue squiers places belike then: well *Dapper* what say y ou?

Jack. Dap. Sirra Captaine mad *Mary*, the gull my owne fa-ther (*Dapper*) *Sir Davy*) laid these London boote-halers the catch poles in ambush to set vpon mee.

Omnes Your father? away *Iacke*.

Jack. Dap. By the tassels of this handkercher 'tis true, and what was his warlick stratageme thinke you? hee thought because a wicker cage tames a nightingale, a lowly prisfon could make an asse of mee.

Omnes A nasty plot.

Jack. Dap. I:as though a Counter, which is a parke, in which

The Roaring Girle.

all the wilde beasts of the Citty run head by head could tame
mee.

Enter the Lord Noland.

Moll. Yonder comes my Lord Noland.

Omnes Saue you my Lord.

L. Nol. Well met Gentlemen all, good Sir Bemtious Gany-
med, Sir Thomas Long?, and how does Maister Dapper?

Lack. Dap. Thankes my Lord.

Mol. No Tobacco my Lord?

L. Nol. No faith Lache.

Lack. Dap. My Lord Noland will you goe to Pimlico with
vs? wee are making a boone voyage to that nappy land of
spice-cakes

L. Nol. Heeres such a merry ging, I could find in my heart
to saile to the worlds end with such company, come Gentle-
men let's on.

Lack. Dap. Here's most amorous weather my Lord.

Omnes Amorous weather.

T hey walke.

Iac. Dap. Is not amorous a good word?

Enter Trapdore like a poore Souldier with a patch o're one eie, and
Teare-Cat with him, all tatters.

Trap. Shall we set vpon the infantry, thes troopes of foot?
Zounds yonder comes Mol my whoorish Maister & Mistresse,
wo ld I had her kidneys betweene my teeth.

Teare-Cat. I had rather haue a cow heele.

Trap. Zounds I am so patcht yp, she cannot discouer mee:
wee'l on.

T. Cat. Alla corago then.

Trap. Good your Honours, and Worships, enlarge the eares
of commiferation, and let the sound of a hoarse military
organ-pipe, penetrate your pittifull bowels to extract out of them
so many small drops of siluer, as may giue a hard strawbed iod-
ging to a couple of maim'd souldiers.

Lache Dap. Where are you maim'd?

T. Cat.

The Roaring Girle:

T.Cat. In both our neather limbs.

Mol. Come, come, 'Dapper, lets giue 'em something, las poore men, what mony haue you? by my troth I loue a souldier with my soule.

Sir Bewt. Stay, stay, where haue you seru'd?

T.Long. In any part of the Low countries?

Trap. Not in the Low countries, if it please your manhood, but in *Hungarie* against the *Turke* at the siedge of *Belgrad*.

L.Nol. Who seru'd there with you sirra?

Trap. Many *Hungarians*, *Moldavians*, *Valachians*, and *Transiluanians*, with some *Sclavonians*, and retyring home sir, the *Venetian* Gallies tooke vs prisoners, yet free'd vs, and suffered vs to beg vp and downe the country.

Lack.Dap. You haue ambled all ouer Italy then.

Trap. Oh sir, from *Venice* to *Roma*, *Vecchio*, *Bononia*, *Romania*, *Bolonia*, *Modena*, *Piacenza*, and *Tuscana*, with all her Cities, as *Pistoia*, *Valteria*, *Mountepulchena*, *Arrezzo*, with the *Siennois*, and diuerse others.

Mol. Meere rogues, put spurres to 'em once more.

Lack.Dap. Thou look'st like a strange creature, a fat butterbox, yet speake'st English,
What art thou?

T.Cat. Ick mine *Here*. Ick bin den ruffling *Teare Cat*,
Den, bzaue *Soldado*, Ick bin dorick all *Dutchlant*.
Guerelsen: Der *Shellum* das meere *Ine Weasa*.
Ine woert gaeb.
Ick slaag bin stroakes ou som *Cop*:
Dastick Den hundred touzun *Diuell halle*,
Frollick miue Here.

Sir Bewt. Here, here, let's be rid of their iobbering,

Moll. Not a crosse *Sir Bewtions*, you base rogues, I haue taken measure of you, better then a taylor can, and I'le fit you, as you (monster with one eie) haue fitted mee,

Trap. Your Worship will not abuse a souldier.

The Roaring Girl,

Moll. Souldier? thou deseru'st to bee hang'd vp by that tongue which dishonours so noble a profession, souldier you skeldering varlet? hold, stand, there should be a trapdore here abouts.

Trap. *Pull off his patch*

Trap. The balles of these glasiers of mine (mine eyes) shall be shot vp and downe in any hot piece of seruice for my inuincible Mistresse.

Jacke Dap. I did not thinke there had bene such knauery in blacke patches as now I see.

Mol. Oh sir he hath bene brought vp in the Ile of dogges, and can both fawne like a Spaniell, and bite like a Mastiue, as hee finds occasion.

L.Nol. What are you sirra? a bird of this feather too.

T.Cat. A man beaten from the wars sir.

T.Long. I thinke so, for you never stood to fight.

Jacke Dap. What's thy name felow souldier?

T.Cat. I am cal'd by those that haue seen my valour, *Teare-Cat.*

Omnis Teare-Cat?

Moll. A meere whip-Jacke, and that is in the Commonwealth of rogues, a flauue, that can talke of sea-fight, name all your chiefe Pirats, discouer more countries to you, then either the Dutch, Spanish, French, or English euer found out, yet indeed all his seruice is by land, and that is to rob a Faire, or some such venturous exploit; *Teare-Cat*, foot sirra I haue your name now I remember me in my booke of hornes, hornes for the thumbe, you know how.

T.Cat. No indeed Captaine *Mol* (for I know you by sight) I am no such nipping Christian, but a maunderer vpon the pad I confess, and meeting with honest *Trapdore* here, whom you had cashierd from bearing armes, out at elbowes vnder your colours, I instructed him in the rudements of rougery, and by my map made him saile ouer any Country you can name, so that now he can maunder better then my selfe.

Jacke Dap. So then *Trapdore* thou art turn'd souldier now.

Trap. Alas sir, now there's no warres, 'tis the safest course of life I could take.

Mol. I hope then you can cant, for by your cudgels, you
sirra

The Roaring Girl.

Sirra are an vpright man.

Trap. As any walkes the hygh way I assure you.

Mol. And *Teare-Cat* what are you? a wilde rogue, an angler, or a ruffler?

T.Cat. Brother to this vpright man, flesh and bloud, ruffling *Teare-Cat* is my name, and a ruffler is my stile, my title, my profession.

Mol. Sirra where's your Doxy, halt not with mee.

Omnes Doxy Mol, what's that?

Mol. His wench.

Trap. My doxy I haue by the *Salomon* a doxy, that carries a kitchin mort in her flat at her backe, besides my dell and my dainty wilde del, with all whom I'le tumble this next darkmans in the strominel, and drinke ben baufe, and eate a fat gruntling cheate, a cackling cheate, and a quacking cheate.

Lack.Dap. Here's old cheating.

Trap. My doxy stayes for me in a bousing ken, braue Captaine.

Mol. Hee sayes his wench staiers for him in an alehouse: you are no pure rogues.

T.Cat. Pure rogues? no, wee scorne to be pure rogues, but if you come to our lib ken, or our stalling ken, you shall finde neither him nor mee, a quire cuffin.

Mol. So sir, no churle of you.

T.Cat. No, but a ben caue, a braue caue, a gentry cuffin.

L.Nol. Call you this canting?

Lack.Dap. Zounds, I'le giue a schoolemaister halfe a crowne a week, and teach mee this pedlers French.

Trap. Do but strowle sir, halfe a haruest with vs sir, and you shall gabble your belly-full.

Mol. Come you rogue cant with me.

T.Long. Well sayd *Mol.* cant with her sirra, and you shall haue mony, else not a penny.

Trap. I'le haue a bocht if she please.

Mol. Come on sirra.

Trap. Ben mort, shall you and I haue a booth, mill a ken or nip a bung, and then wee'l couch a hogshead vnder the Ruffemans

The Roaring Girl.

mans, and there you shall wap with me, & Ile niggle with you.

Mol. Out you damn'd impudent rascall.

Trap. Cut benar whiddes, and hold your fambles and your stampes.

L. Nol. Nay, nay, *Mol*, why art thou angry? what was his gibberish?

Mol. Marry this my Lord sayes hee; Ben mort (good wench) shal you and I heaue a booth, mill a ken, or nip a bung? shall you and I rob a house, or cut a purse?

Omnes Very Good.

(mans:

Mol. And then wee'l couch a hogshead vnder the Ruffe-
And then wee'l lie vnder a hedge.

Trap. That was my desire Captaine, as 'tis fit a souldier should lie.

Mol. And there you shall wap with mee, and I'le niggle with you, and that's all.

Sir Bent. Nay, nay *Mol* what's that wap?

Lack. Dap. Nay teach mee what niggling is, I'de faine bee niggling.

Mol. Wapping and niggling is all one, the rogue my man can tell you.

Trap. 'Tis fadoodling: if it please you.

Sir Bent. This is excellent, one fit more good *Moll*,

Mol. Come you rogue sing with me.

A gage of ben Rom-bouse

In a bousing ken of Rom-vile.

T. Cat. Is Benar then a Caster,
Pecke, pennam, lay or popler,
Which we mill in deuse avile.

Oh I wud lib all the lightmans.

Oh I woud lib all the darkemans,

By the sollamon vnder the Ruffemans.

By the sollamon in the Hartmans.

T. Cat. And scour the Quire cramp ring,
And couch till a pallyard docked my dell,
So my bousy nab might skew some house well

The song.

Auast

The Roaring Girle.

Auast to the pad, let vs bing,
Auast to the pad, let vs bing.

Omnis Fine knaues i' faith.

Jack. Dap. The grating of ten new cart-wheeleſ, and the
grunting of fiue hundred hogs coming from Rumford mar-
ket, cannot make a worse noyſe then this canting language
does in my eareſ; pray my Lord *Noland*, let's giue theſe soul-
diers theiſ pay.

Sir Bens. Agreed, and let them march.

L. Nol. Heere *Mol.*

Mol. Now I ſee that you are ſtal'd to the rogue, and are
not aſhamed of your profeſſions, looke you: my Lord *Noland*
heere and theſe Gentlemen, beſtowes vpon you two, two
boordes and a halfe, that's two ſhillings ſixe pence.

Trap. Thankes to your Lordſhip.

T. Cas. Thankes heroicall Captaine.

Mol. Away.

Trap. Wee ſhall cut ben whiddes of your Maifters and Mi-
ſtrefhip, wherſoeuer we come.

Moll. You'l maintaine firra the old Iuſtices plot to his face.

Trap. Else trine me on the cheaſt:hang me.

Mol. Be ſure you meete mee there.

Trap. Without any more maunding I'le doo't, follow
braue *Tear-Cat.*

T. Cat. I pra, ſequor, let vs go mouse.

*Exeunt they two
manet the rest.*

L. Nol. Mol what was in that canting ſong?

(onely milke

Mol. Troth my Lord, onely a praife of good drinke, the
Which theſe wilde beaſts loue to ſucke, and thus it was:

A rich cup of wine, oh it is iuyce Diuine,
More wholesome for the head,:hen meate,drinke,or bread,
To fill my drunken pate,with that,I'le ſit vp late,
By the heeles wou'd I lie,vnder a lowfy hedge die,
Let a flauue haue a pull at my whore, ſo I be full
Of that precious liquor; And a parcell of ſuch ſtuffe my Lord
Not worth the opening.

The Roaring Girl.

Enter a Cutpurse very gallant, with four or five men after him, one with a wand.

L.Nol. What gallant comes yonder?

T.Long. Masse I thinke I know him, 'tis one of Cumberland.

1.Cut. Shall we venture to shuffe in amongst yon heap of Gallants, and strike?

2.Cut. 'Tis a question whether there bee any siluer shels amongst them, for all their sattin outsides.

Omnies. Let's try?

Mol. Pox on him, a gallant? shaddow mee, I know him: 'tis one that cumbers the land indeed; if hee swimme neere to the shore of any of your pockets, looke to your purses.

Omnies. Is't possible?

Mol. This braue fellow is no better then a foyst.

Omnies. Foyst, what's that?

Mol. A diuier with two fingers, a picke-pocket; all his traine study the figging law, that's to say, cutting of purses and foysting; one of them is a nip, I tooke him once i'the twopenny gallery at the Fortune; then there's a cloyer, or snap, that dogges any new brother in that trade, and snappes will haue halfe in any booty; Hee with the wand is both a stale, whose office is, to face a man i'the streetes, whil'st shels are drawne by an other, and then with his blacke coniuring rod in his hand, he by the nimblenesse of his eye and iugling sticke, will in cheaping a peece of plate at a goldsmithes stall, make four or five ringes mount from the top of his *caducens*, and as if it were at leape-frog, they skip into his hand presently.

2.Cut. Zounds wee are smoakt. *Omnies.* Ha?

2.Cut. Wee are boyld, pox on her; see *Moll* the roaring drabbe.

1.Cut. All the diseases of sixteene hospitals boyle her:away.

Mol. Blessye you sir.

1.Cut. And you good sir.

Mol. Do'st not ken mee man?

1.Cut. No rrust mee sir.

Moll.

The Roaring Girle.

Mol. Heart, there's a Knight to whom I'me bound for
many fauours, lost his purse at the last new play i' the Swanne,
seuen Angels in't, make it good you'r best; do you see? no more.

I. Nol. A Sinagogue shall be cal'd Mistresse *Mary*, disgrace
mee not; *pacus palabros*, I will coniure for you, farewell:

Adol. Did not I tell you my Lord?

L. Nol. I wonder how thou cam'st to the knowledge of
these nasty villaines.

T. Long. And why doe the foule mouthes of the world call
thee *Mol* cutpurfse? a name, me thinkes, damn'd and odious.

Mol. Dare any step forth to my face and say,
I haue tane thee doing so *Mol*? I must confessie,
In younger dayes, when I was apt to stray,
I haue sat amongst such adders; seene their stings,
As any here might, and in full play-houses
Watcht their quicke-diuing hands, to bring to shame
Such rogues, and in that streeame met an ill name:
When next my Lord you spie any one of those,
So hee bee in his Art a scholler, question him,
Tempt him with gold to open the large booke
Of his close villanies: and you your selfe shall cant
Better then poore *Mol* can, and know more lawes
Of cheaters, lifters, nips, foysts, puggards, curbers,
Withall the diuels blacke guard, then it is fit
Should be discouered to a noble wit.
I know they haue their orders, offices,
Circuits and circles, vnto which they are bound,
To raise their owne damnation in.

Jack. Duf. How do'st thou know it?

Moll. As you do, I shew it you, they to me shew it.
Suppose my Lord you were in *Venice*.

L. Nol. Well.

Mol. If some Italian pander there woul'd tell
All the close trickes of curtizans; woul'd not you
Hearkento such a fellow?

L. Nol. Yes.

Mol. And here,

The Roaring Girl.

Being come from *Venice*, to a friend most deare
That were to trauell thither, you would proclaime
Your knowledge in those villanies, to saue
Your friend from their quicke danger: must you haue
A blacke ill name, because ill things you know,
Good troth my Lord, I am made *Mol* cutpurse so.
How many are whores, in small ruffes and still lookes?
How many chast, whose names fill slanders bookees?
Were all men cuckolds, whom gallants in their scornes
Cal so, we should not walke for goring hornes,
Perhaps for my madde going some reprove mee,
I please my selfe, and care not else who loues mee.

Omnes A braue minde *Mol* i' faith.

T. Long. Come my Lord, shal's to the Ordinary?

L. Nol. I, 'tis noone sure. (or to the world:

Mol. Good my Lord, let not my name condemne me to you
A fencer I hope may be cal'd a coward, is he so for that?
If all that haue ill names in London, were to be whipt, (ther
And to pay but twelue pence a peece to the beadle, I would ra-
Haue his office, then a Constables.

Jack. Dap. So would I Captaine *Moll*: 'twere a sweete tick-
ling office i' faith.

Exeunt.

*Enter Sir Alexander Wengraue, Goshawke and
Grenewit, and others.*

Alex. My sonne marry a theefe, that impudent girle,
Whom all the world sticke their worst eyes vpon?

Greene. How will your care preuent it?

Gosb. 'Tis impossible.

They marry close, thei'r gone, but none knowes whether.

Alex. Oh Gentlemen, when ha's a fathers heart-strings

Enter a servant.

Held out so long from breaking: now what newes sir?

Servant. They were met vppo'th water an houre fince, sir,
Putting in towards the Sluce.

Alex. The Sluce? come Gentlemen,

'Tis.

The Roaring Girle:

'Tis Lambith workes against vs.

Greene. And that *Lambith*, ioynes more mad matches, then
your sixe wet townes, twixt that and *Windsor-bridge*, where
fares lye soaking.

Alex. Delay no time sweete Gentlemen to Blacke Fryars,
Wee'l take a paire of Oares and make after 'em.

Enter Trapdore.

Trap. Your sonne, and that bold masculine rampe
My mistresse, are landed now at Tower.

Alex. Hoyda, at Tower?

Trap. I heard it now reported.

Alex. Which way Gentlemen shall I bestow my care?
I'me drawne in peeces betwixt deceipt and shame.

Enter sir Fitz-Allard.

Fitz-Alla. Sir *Alexander.*

You'r well met, and most rightly serued,
My daughter was a scorne to you.

Alex. Say not so fir.

Fitz-All. A very abiect, shee poore Gentlewoman,
Your house had bene dishonoured. Giue you ioy sir,
Of your sons Gaskoyne-Bride, you'l be a Grandfather shortly
To a fine crew of roaring sonnes and daughters,
'Twill helpe to stocke the suburbs passing well sir.

Alex. O play not with the miseries of my heart,
Wounds should be drest and heal'd, not vext, or left
Wide open, to the anguish of the patient,
And scornefull aire let in: rather let pitty
And aduise charitably helpe to refresh 'em.

Fitz-All. Who'd place his charity so vnworthily.

Like one that giues almes to a cursing beggar,
Had I but found one sparke of goodness in you
Toward my deseruing child, which then grew fond
Of your sonnes vertues, I had eased you now.
But I perceiue both fire of youth and goodnessse,
Are rak'd vp in the ashes of your age,
Else no such shame shoulde haue come neere your house,
Nor such ignoble sorrowe touch your heart,

L 3

Alex.

The Roaring Girle.

Alex. If not for worth, for pitties sake assist mee.

Greene. You vrge a thing past sense, how can he helpe you?

All his assistance is as fraile as ours,
Full as vncertaine, where's the place that holds 'em?
One brings vs wayer-newes; then comes an other
With a full charg'd mouth, like a culuerins voyce,
And he reports the Tower; whose sounds are trueſt?

Goff. In vaine you flatter him sir *Alexander.*

Fitz-All. I flatter him, Gentlemen you wrong mee groſſly.

Greene. Hee doe's it well i' faith.

Fitz-All. Both newes are false,
Of Tower or water:they tooke no ſuch way yet. (plundges?)

Alex. Oh ſtrange: heare you this Gentlemen, yet more

Fitz-All. Thare neerer then you thinke for yet more close,
then if they were further off.

Alex. How am I loſt in these diſtractions?

Fitz-All. For your ſpeeches Gentlemen,
In taxing me for raiſhnesſe; ſore you all,
I will engage my ſtate to halfe his wealth,
Nay to his ſonnes reueneſes, which are leſſe,
And yet nothing at all, till they come from him;
That I could (if my will ſtucke to my power)
Preuent this mariage yet, nay baniſh her
For euer from his thoughts, much more his armes.

Alex. Slacke not this goodneſſe, though you heap vpon me
Mountaines of malice and reuenge hereafter:
I'de willingly refigne vp halfe my ſtate to him,
So he would marry the meanest drudge I hire.

Greene. Hee talkes imposſibilites, and you beleue 'em.

Fitz-All. I talke no more, then I know how to finiſh,
My fortunes elſe are his that dares ſtake with me,
The poore young Gentleman I loue and pitty:
And to keepe shame from him, (because the ſpring
Of his affection was my daughters firſt,
Till his frowne blaſted all,) do but eſtate him
In thofe poſſeſſions, which your loue and care
Once pointed out for him, that he may haue roome,

To

The Roaring Girl.

To entertaine fortunes of noble birth,
Where now his desperate wants casts him vpon her:
And if I do not for his owne sake chiefly,
Rid him of this disease, that now growes on him,
I'le forfeit my whole state, before these Gentlemen.

Greene. Troth but you shall not vndertake such matches,
Wee'l perswade so much with you.

Alex. Heere's my ring,
He will beleue this token: fore these Gentlemen,
I will confirme it fully: all those lands,
My first loue lotted him, he shall straight possesse
In that refusall.

Fitz-All. If I change it not, change mee into a beggar.

Green. Are you mad sir?

Fitz-All. 'Tis done.

Gosb. Will you vndoe your selfe by doing,
And shewe a prodigall tricke in your old daies?

Alex. 'Tis a match Gentlemen.

Fitz-All. I, I, sir I.

I akse no fauour; trust to you for none,
My hope rests in the goodnessse of your son. *Exit Fitz-Allard.*

Greene. Hee holds it vp well yet.

Gosb. Of an old knight i' faith.

Alex. Curst be the time, I laid his first loue barren,
Wilfully barren, that before this houre
Had sprung forth friutes, of comfort and of honour;
He lou'd a vertuous Gentlewoman.

Enter Moll.

Gosb. Life, heere's Mol.

Green. Jack.

Gosb. How dost thou Jacke?

Moll. How dost thou Gallant?

Alex. Impudence, where's my sonne?

Moll. Weakenesse, go looke him.

Alex. Is this your wedding gowne?

Moll. The man talkes monthly:

Hot broth and a darke chamber for the knight,

I see hee'l be starke mad at our next meeting.

Exit Moll

Gosb. Why sir, take comfort now, there's no such matter,

No.

The Roaring Girle:

No Priest will marry her, sir, for a woman,
Whiles that shape's on, and it was neuer knowne,
Two men were married and conioyn'd in one:
Your sonne hath made some shift to loue another.

Alex. What etc' she be, she has my blessing with her,
May they be rich, and fruitfull, and receiue
Like comfort to their issue, as I take in them,
Ha's pleas'd me now, marrying not this,
Through a whole world he could not chuse amisse.

Green. Glad y'are so penitent, for your former sinne sir.

Gob. Say he should take a wench with her smocke-dowry,
No portion with her, but her lips and armes?

Alex. Why? who thriue better sir? they haue most blessing,
Though other haue more wealth, and least repent,
Many that want most, know the most content.

Greene. Say he should marry a kind youthfull sinner.

Alex. Age will quench that, any offence but theft and drun-
Nothing but death can wipe away. (kennesse,
There sinnes are green, eu'en when there heads are gray,
Nay I dispaire not now, my heart's cheer'd Gentlemen,
No face can come vnsurprisingly to me,
Now sir, your newes?

Enter a servant.

Servant. Your sonne with his faire Bride is neere at hand,

Alex. Faire may their fortunes be.

Green. Now you're resolu'd sir, it was neuer she,

Alex. I finde it in the musicke of my heart,

Enter Mol mask, in Sebastians hand, and Fitz-Allard.

See where they come.

Gob. A proper lusty presence sir.

Alex. Now has he pleas'd me right, I alwaies counself'd him
To choose a goodly personable creature,
Iust of her pitch was my first wife his mother.

Seb. Before I dare discouer my offence, I kneele for pardon.

Alex. My heart gaue it thee, before thy tongue could aske it,
Rise, thou hast rais'd my ioy to greater heighth.

Then

THE ROARING GIRL.

Then to that seat where griefe deieected it,
Both welcome to my loue, and care for euer,
Hide not my happiness too long, al's pardoned,
Here are our friends, salute her, Gentlemen. *They unmask her.*

Omnes. Heart, who this *Mol?*

Alex. O my reuiuing shame, is't I must liue,
To be strucke blind, be it the worke of sorrow,
Before age take't in hand.

Fitz-All. Darkenesse and death.
Haue you deceau'd mee thus? did I engage
My whole estate for this.

Alex. You askt no fauour,
And you shall finde as little, since my comforts,
Play false with me, I'le be as cruell to thee
As griefe to fathers hearts.

Mol. Why what's the matter with you?
Lesse too much ioy, should make your age forgetfull,
Are you too well, too happy?

Alex. With a vengeance.

Mol. Me thinkes you should be proud of such a daughter,
As good a man, as your sonne.

Alex. O monstrous impudence.

Mol. You had no note before, an vnmarkt Kinght,
Now all the towne will take regard on you,
And all your enemies feare you for my sake,
You may passe where you list, through crowdes most thicke,
And come of brauely with your pursse vnpickt,
You do not know the benefits I bring with mee,
No cheate dares worke vpon you, with thumbe or knife,
While y'auue a roaring girle to your sonnes wife.

Alex. A diuell rampant.

Fitz-Alla. Haue you so much charity?
Yet to release mee of my last rash bargaine,
And I'le giue in your pledge.

Alex. No sir, I stand to't, I'le worke vpon aduantage,
As all mischiefes do vpon mee.

Fitz-All. Content, beare witnesse all then

M

His

His are the lands, and so contention ends.
Here comes your sonnes Bride, twixt two noble friends.

Enter the Lord Noland, and Sir Bewtious Ganymed, with Mary Fitz-Allard betweene them, the Citizens and their wives with them.

Mol. Now are you gull'd as you would be, thanke me for't,
I'de a fore-finger in't.

Seb. Forgiue mee father,
Though there before your eyes my sorrow fain'd,
This still was shee, for whom true loue complain'd.

Alex. Blessings eternall, and the ioyes of Angels,
Beginne your peace heere, to be sign'd in heauen,
How short my sleepe of sorrow seemes now to me,
To this eternity of boundlesse comforts,
That finds no want but viterance, and expression.
My Lord your office heere appeares so honourably:
So full of ancient goodnesse, grace, and worthinesse,
I neuer tooke more ioy in sight of man,
Then in your comfortable presence now.

L. Nol. Not I more delight in doing grace to vertue,
Then in this worthy Gentlewoman, your sonnes Bride,
Noble Fitz-Alards daughter, to whose honour
And modest faine, I am a seruant vow'd,
So is this Knight.

Alex. Your loues make my ioyes proud,
Bring foorth those deeds of land, my care layd ready,
And which, old knight, thy noblenesse may challenge,
Ioynd with thy daughters vertues, whom I prise now,
As deereley as that flesh, I call myne owne.
Forgiue me worthy Gentlewoman, 'twas my blindnesse
When I reiected thee, I saw thee not,
Sorrow and wilfull rashnesse grew like filmes
Ouer the eyes of iudgement, now so cleere
I see the brightnesse of thy worth appeare.

Mary. Duty and loue may I deserue in those,

And

The Roaring Girle,

And all my wishes haue a perfect close,

Alex. That tongue can neuer erre, the sound's so sweete,
Here honest sonne, receive into thy hands,
The keyes of wealth, possession of those lands,
Which my first care prouided, thei'r thine owne,
Heauen giue thee a blessing with 'em, the best ioyes,
That can in worldly shapes to man betide,
Are fertill lands, and a faire fruitfull Bride,
Of which I hope thou'rt sped.

Seb. I hope so too sir.

Mol. Father and sonne, I ha'done you simple seruice here,

Seb. For which thou shalt not part *Moll* vrequited.

Alex. Thou art a madd girle, and yet I cannot now condemne thee.

Mol. Condemne mee? troth and you should sir,
I'de make you seeke out one to hang in my roome,
I'de giue you the slip at Gallowes, and cozen the people.
Heard you this iest my Lord?

L. Nol. What is it *Jacke*?

Mol. He was in feare his sonne would marry mee,
But neuer dreamt that I wuld nere agree.

L. Nol. Why? thou had'st a suiter once *Jacke*, when wilt marry?

Mol. Who I my Lord, I'le tell you when i faith,

When you shall heare,
Gallants voyd from Serieants feare,
Honesty and truth vnslandred,
Woman man'd, but neuer pандred,
Cheates booted, but not coacht,
Vessels older e're they'r broacht.
If my minde be then not varied,
Next day following, I'le be married.

L. Nol. This sounds like domes-day,

Moll. Then were marriage best,
For if I should repent, I were soone at rest.

Alex. Introth tho'art a good wench, I'me sorry now,
The opinion was so hard, I conceiu'd of thee.

The Roaring Girl:

Somewrongs I'ue done thee.

Enter Trapdore.

Trap. Is the winde there now?

'Tis time for mee to kneele and confess first,
For feare it come too late, and my braines feele it,
Upon my pawes, I aske you pardon mistresse.

Mol. Pardon? for what sir? what ha's your rogeship done now?

Trap. I haue bene from time to time hir'd to confound you,
by this old Gentleman.

Mol. How?

Trap. Pray forgiue him,
But may I connell you, you should neuer doo't.
Many a snare to entrapp your Worships life,
Hauē I laid priuily, chaines, watches, Iewels,
And when hee saw nothing could mount you vp,
Foure hollow-hearted Angels he then gaue you,
By which he meant to trap you, I to saue you.

Alex. To all which, shame and griefe in me cry guilty,
Forgiue mee now, I cast the worlds eyes from mee,
And looke vpon thee freely with mine owne:
I see the most of many wrongs before hee,
Cast from the iawes of enuy and her people,
And nothing foule but that, I'le neuer more
Condemne by common voyce, for that' sthe whore,
That deceiuers mans opinion; mockes his trust,
Cozens his loue, and makes his heart vniust.

Mol. Here be the Angels Gentlemen, they were giuen me
As a Musitian, I pursue no pitty,
Follow the law, and you can cucke mee, spare not
Hang vp my vyall by me, and I care not.

Alex. So farre I'me sorry, I'le thrice double 'em
To make thy wrongs amends,
Come worthy friends my honourable Lord,
Sir Benteons Ganymed, and Noble Fitz-Adard,
And you kind Gentlewoman, whose sparkling presence,
Are glories set in mariage, beaines of society,
For all your loues giue luster to my ioyes,

The

The Roaring Girle:

The happinesse of this day shall be remembred,
At the returne of euery smiling spring:
In my time now 'tis borne, and may no sadnesse
Sit on the browes of men vpon that day,
But as I am, so all goe pleas'd away.

Epilogus,

A Painter hauing drawne with curios Art
The picture of a woman (euery part,
Limb'd to the life) hung out the peece to sell:
People (who pass'd along) viewing it well,
Gave seuerall verdicts on it. some dispraised
The haire, some sayd the browes too high were raised,
Some hit her o're the lippes, mislik'd their colour,
Some wist her nose were shorter; some, the eyes fuller,
Others sayd roses on her cheeke should grow,
Swearing they lookt too pale, others cry'd no,
The workeman still as fault was found, did mend it,
In hope to please all; (but this worke being ended)
And hung open at stall, it was so vile,
So monstrous and so vgly all men did smile
At the poore Painters folly. Such wee doubt
Is this our Comedy, Some perhaps do floute
The plot, saying; 'tis too thinne, too weake, too meane,
Some for the person will reuile the Scœne.
And wonder, that a creature of her being
Should bee the subiect of a Poet, seeing
In the worlds eie, none weighes so light: others looke

M . 3

For

EPHOGMS.

For all those base trickes publish'd in a booke,
(Foule as his braines they flow'd from) of Cut-purse,
Of Nips and Foyls, nastie, obscene discourses,
As full of lies, as empie of worth or wit,
For any honest care, or eye vnfitt. And thus,
If we to euery braine (that's humerous)
Should fashion Sceanes, we (with the Painter) shall
In striuing to please all, please none at all.
Yet for such faults, as either the writers wit,
Or negligence of the Actors do commit,
Both craue your pardons : if what both haue done,
Cannot full pay your expectation,
The *Roring Girle* her selfe some few dayes hence,
Shall on this Stage, giue larger recompence. (you,
Which Mirth that you may share in, her selfe does woe
And craues this signe, your hands to becken her to you.

FINIS.

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